

The TATLER

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The TATTLER

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"THEIR MAJESTIES HAVE ARRIVED"!!

An interesting and amusing picture of young loyalists greeting their King and Queen during the recent Royal visit to Cardiff. Youth is the time when the generous emotions are at their strongest and, even stilled and silenced in a picture, the unbounded joy and enthusiasm of these young Welsh people is exhilarating and infectious

PANORAMA



Balmain
OF THE KING'S BODYGUARD: BRIG.-GENERAL
SIR DAVID KINLOCH WITH LADY KINLOCH

General Sir David Kinloch of Gilmerton was one of the Royal Archers in attendance at Holyrood during the recent visit of Their Majesties. Although he is 81 the longbow looks as fitting in his hands as in that of men far younger. Formerly in command of the 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards, Sir David commanded a brigade in 1914 and saw service in France

It is fantastic what a large part in our lives is played by coincidence!

Gossiping London is "set by the ears" at the moment by one of those tricks of fate which no self-respecting novelist would dare to put on paper. Whilst crossing a busy street a well-known hostess was loudly criticising a prominent débutante, quite unaware that the girl's parents happened to be passing just behind her. They were naturally displeased and indignant at what they could not possibly avoid hearing, and the father found out who the lady was, and there seems a possibility of serious legal trouble for the chatterer.

My sympathies are with the parents of the girl, and the discomfiture of the lady who spoke so rashly seems deserved: for many of us it may point the maxim, "Look before you speak!"



AT A DÉBUTANTE BALL: MAJOR THE HON. FRANCIS NEEDHAM
AND LADY GOSFORD

The ball was given by three cousins, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Needham, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Curzon and Lady Nugent, for their débutante daughters. Major Needham was formerly in the Grenadiers; he is brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Kilmorey

(More pictures of this ball are on another page of this issue)

It will be a long time before Wiltshire forgets the Cecil Beaton-Duff-Assheton-Smith evening party. The weather was not of the warmest but the stars came out and the rain held off, while from the county and beyond its boundaries motor cars brought loads of fancifully garbed guests to Ashcombe House.

In front of the 17th-century house surprised sheep grazed in a pen, for this was a *fête champêtre*, and not a single detail had been neglected by the host!

Statues in the garden were draped in coloured muslin and wreathed in flowers, jets of gas spurting from poles lit up the scene out of doors. The poles were also decorated with flowers; in short, flowers, ribbons and fantasy were everywhere.

Inside a white ball-room Jack Harris's band played modern music for shepherdesses with woolly lambs tucked under their arms and rustics in smocks. Mr. Beaton's 18th-century suit was embroidered with spiders and caterpillars, and he wore the animal mask of a rabbit, with long, pointed ears.

The joint host, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, was a golden and glamorous Roman with red feathers nodding from his golden helmet.

There was a cleverly acted Restoration play, written by John Sutro, with Olga Lynn, Lord Berners, who looked more like a wicked Squire than any real wicked Squire ever looked, Edith Olivier and David and Anthony Herbert in the cast.

Madame (Loelia) Ralli,



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM

Siam, until 1932, was an absolute monarchy but in that year King Prajadhipok signed a Constitution Act granting power to a People's Assembly and a State Council. A rebellion by a faction reactionary to the new régime occurred in 1935 when King Prajadhipok abdicated in favour of King Ananda Mahidol (who was then ten years old) and a Council of Regency

friend of the Duchess of Kent, came as a butterfly net. Imprisoned in the green sleeves of her heliotrope dress, perched on the wrists of her gloves, were hundreds of butterflies, and a great golden one fluttered on her hair. Lady Juliet Duff, a resplendent crinolined shepherdess, outshone most women present. A tiara of corn, and corn scattered over her chiffon dress, indicated that Lady Alexandra Haig was Ceres. Lord and Lady Weymouth came over from Longleat, and those two attractive sisters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Caroline Paget, were others at this party, not forgetting Mr. Rex Whistler, who is engaged just now in painting Lady Louis Mountbatten's boudoir in Brook House. His designs are rustic, with corn, scythes, and rakes in silver against a delicate blue background.

As you are reading this the very last important events of a wonderful Coronation Season will be taking place.



AT THE NEW FOREST CLUB TENNIS TOURNAMENT: DR. H. G. N. COOPER, MAJOR R. C. H. SLOANE STANLEY, AND LADY ANNE RHYS

Some competitors in the New Forest Club Championship at Brockenhurst. At the time of going to press Dr. Cooper had successfully passed through the second round of the Men's Singles; Lady Anne Rhys had dropped out in the third round of the Ladies'. She is the only daughter of the Duke of Wellington and married Lord Dynevor's youngest son in 1933

The Queen, an ardent admirer of Ballet, went to Covent Garden last week with the King. It wasn't a formal visit, and very few people knew that Their Majesties were there until quite late in the programme.

Lady Cunard, as keen a supporter of the Ballet as of the Opera, entertained a party, among whom was Mrs. Corrigan dressed in black tulle.

Lady Plunket, in a cornflower blue dress, was summoned to the Royal box. The Plunkets are among the privileged group who enjoy the personal friendship of Their Majesties—

To-morrow the second (and last) garden party of the year in London will bring thousands to Buckingham Palace.

The absence of the King and Queen, first in Scotland and last week in Wales, made very little difference to social activities in London. Débutante dances have still been given at the rate of two or three a night, cocktail hostesses have been busy, and ballet fans have filled Covent Garden.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER CAPTAINS THE HOUSE OF LORDS TEAM

The House of Lords polo team, under the captaincy of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, retained the Harrington Cup, beating the Commons by 9-5. The Lords' captain scored three of their goals. The photograph shows the team in their order of position in the field: Lord Cowdray (1), H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester (2), the Duke of Roxburghe (3), and Lord Barnby (back)



ENGAGED: LADY PATRICIA MACKAY AND MR. H. W. HIBBERT

The engagement of Lady Patricia Mackay and Mr. H. W. Hibbert was recently announced. The bride-to-be is the eldest daughter of Lord Inchcape, the shipping magnate; her fiancé is the son of Major and Mrs. Washington Hibbert. He is a subaltern in the Queen's Bays and has been playing polo this season with the Knaves

the Allendales are others, and yet another is Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson, who played with the Royal princes in her nursery and schoolroom days, and could, if she wasn't so discreet, tell many amusing stories of the small boy exploits of the Royal brothers.

From the Ballet Lord and Lady Plunket went on to join the Pay Party organised on board the *New Dagenham* by Lady Mary Dunn. A pay party on board a boat was an original idea that appealed to a large number of Lady Mary's friends, although it is true that a few missed the boat both at Westminster and at Greenwich, where they chased it in a car, but those who did get on board voted it really amusing. Lord Plunket treated it as a birthday celebration, and his health was drunk during the evening.

Criminally careless people who go about making pokerwork designs with their cigarette-ends on their hostess's grand piano meet their match in Mrs. Rose Morley, who has a special transparent brown oil silk cover to fit the top of her Steinway, which is popped on whenever she gives a party. Last week she put "Summer drinks" on her blue invitation cards, and as it was a really hot day there was a great run on the pineapple juice and other cooling concoctions.

Mrs. Morley, who is off to Bermuda, where she intends to stay until September, has a refreshingly wide and varied circle of friends, and this time I found numbers of the Russian ballet stars at her house in Stanhope Place, led by Colonel de Basil himself. The two conductors, Efrem Kurtz and Antal Dorati, were also at Mrs. Morley's, and so were Mesdames Sokolova, Baronova, and the exquisite Danilova, who is as fas-

(Continued overleaf)

PANORAMA—continued

cinating to meet as she is to watch skimming across the stage.

Hearing the tinkle of silver bells I turned and found they hung from the wrist of Miss Virginia Gilliat, who is as popular with her parents' contemporaries as she is with her own—a rare achievement indeed! Miss Allanah Harper was closely shadowed by a slim-coloured gentleman with very attractive moustaches—her dog—of a curly Bedlingtonesque breed of which I do not know the name. Lord Faringdon was writing down holiday hints for friends who were trying to decide whether to go north, south, east or west, while he simultaneously resisted the lure of raspberries and red and black currants swamped in cream. Two other guests were Commander Geoffrey Bowles, who is an asset at any party, and Mr. Robert Lutyens, who designed the inside of the house.

Personality and charm are of all qualities the hardest to define, but the fact that Harry Richman is amply endowed with them is pretty obvious, since, after asking to work on a percentage basis at the Café de "Paree"—as he calls it—he drew just over a thousand pounds as his share for one week, in addition to twice-nightly music-hall appearances! There is a large crowd at Datchet on Sunday nights when he appears with Florence Desmond, whose fiancé, Mr. Charles Hughesdon, was dancing with her after her "turn" was over. Her impression of an airwoman's first broadcast after arriving in America has to be heard to be believed, and people shout out for it the moment she appears.

The first person I saw at Datchet was the Rane of Sarawak, who had a large party at a table near the door and wore a double twist of orange and gold bound round her head that suited her very well. Head-dresses, in fact, seemed to be the popular Sunday night fashion, for Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, the famous giver of famous parties, had a crisp little black organdie cap (and gigantic diamond bracelets), while Lady (Lydia) Deterding wore an emerald green turban with jewels to match.

Lady Plunket's mother, the ever-young Miss Fannie Ward, was staying at Bray at the Old Tan House with an American friend, Miss Yvette Perry, who brought her tiny snow-white poodle with her to hear Harry Richman.

He told many good stories that night, but he himself heard one that seemed to amuse him greatly. It is of two proud mothers, each shepherding a son, who happened to be in the same railway carriage. They got into conversation, and one mother remarked proudly to the other, "I'm taking my boy to the Zoo," which the second mother countered with, "Indeed, I am taking mine to Eton!"

In the neighbourhood of Bray lives the Maharaja of Rajpipla—a popular week-end host. I have never seen so many games as those provided at his attractive low-built house, the Manor, at Old Windsor. When I arrived there last week-end the guests must have numbered at least a score, and all of them were occupied and amused—two things that are by no means synonymous.

The host was playing tennis; backgammon boards and players overflowed from the loggia on to the lawn; a dart board hung suspended on a tree trunk; basketwork gadgets

that reminded me of the Basque game of pelota were being wielded by the more energetic, and others were struggling to hit a tennis ball slung on elastic that is only too aptly called "come-back."

Nor does the Maharaja forget the great indoors, for he has a ballroom elaborately fitted up as a cinema where a full-length programme is shown every week; and in the bar that adjoins it he has several of those fruit machines that many of us are quite powerless to resist. In the dining-room are many racing trophies, and in particular that which commemorates the Maharaja's famous Derby win in 1934 with Windsor Lad.

Positively the last of the innumerable charity dances of Coronation season has been held, and exhausted organisers are off for a well-earned holiday. If there is a more disheartening way of earning a living than trying to extract money for good causes I have yet to find it.

One thing is certain, but for the expert help of the "professional" organiser many first-rate charities would probably have to close down!

Perhaps it was the title, "Anti-Dud" Ball, that attracted so many "lovelies," both married and spinster, to the Dorchester the other evening. Anyway, the dance floor was filled with attractive and well-dressed women throughout the evening, and Mrs. Frank Braham brought her summer season to a triumphant finish by the announcement that well over £2,000 had been raised for the British Provident Association.

One of the most amusing ball-room entertainments for a long time was Cecil Beaton's "Scrap Album"—Tableaux Vivants and Lantern Slides—taken from Royal Academy pictures of the years round and about 1890. It wasn't "photographer Bachelor Beaton's" (as the American papers call him) fault that some of the scene shifting, curtain raising, and so forth had at the last moment to be done by amateurs, who lit the feet rather than the faces.

Among the willing volunteers were Lady Juliet Duff and Lady Plunket, who, with her partner, Mr. Maurice, "came to life" from her picture and danced. Her finale, a rollicking polka, came to an end with her partner's black moustache transferred to her upper lip. Luckily, her good looks and good humour were equal even to this severe test!

Elegant Mrs. Van Hofmanns-thal and Mr. Rex Whistler were well posed in "The New Model," painted by W. P. Frith in 1892, and Lady Diana Cooper made a lovely "Flora." Tall Mrs. Roland Cubitt, one of Lady Alexandra Haig's guests, danced the valse with the Austrian Minister; Lady Elizabeth Paget looked lovely in a crinoline dress, and Miss Primula Rollo, pretty, fresh and sweet in white lace with a blue sash.

Mrs. James Corrigan has given up the more spectacular form of party with which she delighted us Londoners a few years ago in favour of more conventional parties.

Her dinner-dance at the Marlborough's house was, as usual, perfectly done.

Princess Aly Khan won the gold cigarette case in the tom-bola, and Lady Isabel Guinness was the loveliest guest, excepting, of course, the Duchess of Kent who, with the Duke, dined with Mrs. Corrigan before the dance.

Photographs of Mrs. Wyndham Clark's dance are unavoidably postponed until next week's issue.



Lenore

LADY ANN STUART-WORTLEY

The eldest member of the Earl and Countess of Wharnccliffe's family of four daughters and one son was launched on the social seas this summer. All the nicest parties came Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley's way, and she had a very big ball given for her at the Dorchester by her grandparents, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam

TWO OF LAST WEEK'S BALLS



LADY PLUNKET AND MR. MAURICE BRING TO LIFE AN ACADEMY PICTURE OF 1896 AT THE ANTI-DUD BALL



Photos: Sasha
"THE WIDOW'S MITE ON A PRIEST'S BIRTHDAY": MISS OLGA LYNN AND THE HON. JAMES SMITH AT THE ANTI-DUD BALL

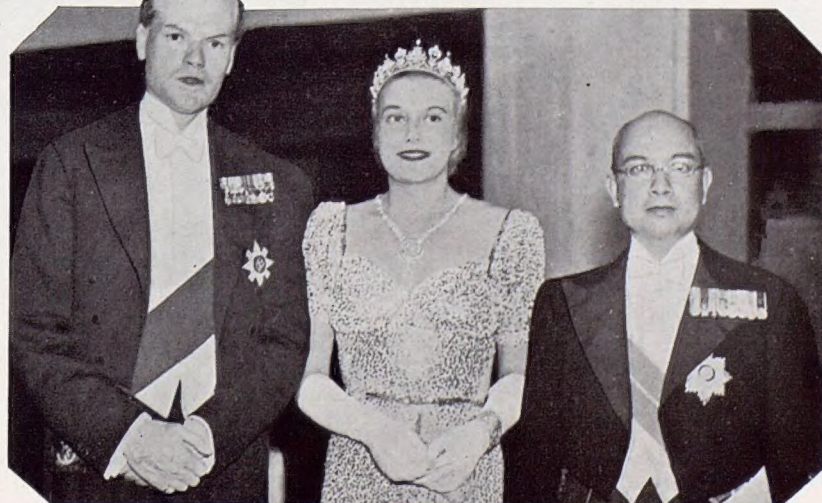


H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, WITH LADY MILBANKE (right) AND LADY PORTARLINGTON AT A BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE IN AID OF THE ACTORS' BENEVOLENT FUND



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND CAPT. M. WARDELL

On right: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, LADY INCHCAPE AND COMMANDING-GENERAL KAISER, FROM NEPAL



Photos: Swaabe

The Anti-Dud Ball at the Dorchester and a Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund were the good causes of this page of pictures. At the last-named event decorations were worn in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. T.R.H.'s, who had spent the day fulfilling official engagements at Canterbury, brought several dinner guests with them. The Duke of Sutherland and the Countess of Inchcape, respectively president and chairman of this ball, are seen with a distinguished visitor from India, Commanding-General Kaiser, who headed the Nepalese delegation at the Coronation. Cecil Beaton's Scrap Book Entertainment at the Anti-Dud Ball provided the material for the two top photographs, and Royal Academy pictures of the 'Nineties—shown both by tableaux and lantern slides—the theme. Lady Plunket and Mr. Maurice hadn't much scope in W. Dendy Sadler's "The End of the Skein," exhibited at Burlington House in 1896, but Olga Lynn and Lord Hambleden's brother made a tremendous hit with "The Widow's Mite" (J. B. Burgess, 1892)

THE CINEMA

Two Old Friends
By JAMES AGATE

EXCEPT that both are receptacles designed for the same purpose, there is all the difference in the world between a samovar and a teapot. Except that both are designed for the greatest entertainment of the greatest possible number of people, there is a world of difference between *Michael Strogoff* at the Regal and *Call It A Day* at the New Gallery. To go from one to the other as I did the other afternoon was to be transported from Siberia to St. John's Wood in a distance no longer than the length of Oxford Street.

The Russian business is an old story now and has, I believe, been filmed several times. It originated from the pen of Jules Verne, a demodé writer who had two qualities which are now as rare as the bitter in ornithology or as the scent of musk in a garden; he had imagination, and he knew how to tell a tale. *Michael Strogoff* has its absurdities, and it does not amount in all to anything more than a boy's thriller. But it has an irresistible momentum in its narration, and the vivid incidents so follow one another that it is quite impossible not to see the thing through to the horror of its climax and the relief of its ending. Away from the cinema, indeed, it can all be easily reduced to something like nonsense. Michael's mission was to save Russia from the Tartar rebels by travelling into Siberia, delivering documents, and resisting the wiles of the usual beautiful spy who was to be found in every railway carriage of the period. He was also very particularly requested to refrain from visiting his aged mother at Omsk, as this would waste time and might lead to his recognition. At Omsk, however, his aged mother had, so to speak, slipped out to have one, and so met her son face to face in the local tavern. Hence the film's first big moment, since Michael had to pretend that it was a case of mistaken identity, though he longed to call her "Mother." Then there was the case of Nadia, a little girl who was on the way to see her sick father at Omsk and whom Michael befriended on the train. She had starry eyes and wore her head in a Russian handkerchief, and once she had reached Omsk she forgot all about her sick father. At least we did not see so much as a hair of his beard. Instead, we were suddenly plunged into the middle of the Tartar rising, in which Nadia was taken prisoner and Michael had innumerable and exciting escapes, going off on horseback in the old irresistible cowboy-and-Indian style and shooting numberless Tartars, who were unable ever to shoot back. Nadia meanwhile wandered with stainless 'kerchief through all the hordes of Tartars, and finally reached the condescending friendship of the beautiful spy, who, confessing that she, too, had a great passion for Michael, but realised that it was a hopeless one, blessed the girl and said she would arrange that her lover should not be tortured too severely when at last brought to bay. The beautiful spy, you see, was mistress of the cruel rebel-chief who had just tossed her a pearl necklace—anything like the insouciance with which Margot Grahame received this I have never before beheld in womankind! He also gave orders for the newly captured Michael to be blinded with a white-hot sword. The stark realism of this episode was relieved

only for those who noted a rapid interview between beautiful spy and executioner. Something passed from hand to hand—was it a glimmer of pearls?—and as a result Michael's eyebrows were singed and no worse harm betid him, though the cruel chief was completely taken in! The rest was scampering steeds and hurrying droschkys, and the ultimate triumph of the Tsar over the uprising. What Russia would make of it now it would be hard to guess; but I don't suppose for a moment that it will be allowed the chance to make anything.

Mention has already been made of the extraordinary poise of Miss Grahame. She opens and closes her lovely eyes with an ecstasy of slowness and has no other expression whatsoever, except once when she attends a gipsy rout in a feather boa and a modern hat over one eye, and falls flat on her back in a faint when a dancing bear gets out of hand. Elizabeth Allan is charming as the starry-eyed one in the 'kerchief, and Anton Walbrook has the temerity to act superbly throughout and to take absolutely everything with a burning-eyed seriousness. This last is a grand performance.

From all this hissing to the stormy little tea-cup of *Call It A Day* is, as I have already said, a cry as far as any cry can be. Dodie Smith's admirable little play brought Greater London cavorting for over a year to Shaftesbury Avenue to observe how it led its own daily existence. The film is the most faithful transcript of a play that I can well remember.

It has an unusually large percentage of the play's text, and that text is unusually unaltered. Yet the whole thing is so well directed and so well acted that we are given none of that slightly exasperating feeling that a camera has merely been following the players about the stage during a theatre-performance. Whoever produced this film has mastered the extraordinarily difficult knack of obliterating this impression. The one deviation is in the entire removal of Martin's pallid young friend, Alistair, who wanted the boy to renounce his father's business and take up intensive interior-decoration with occasional relaxation at severely highbrow films. It seems to me that this excision rather mars the author's pattern, since the point of the piece was that nearly all the characters ran into some kind of danger, nearly all of it sexual, in the course of that twenty-four hours of spring weather.

There will be much discussion and contention as to whether the film family are as good as was the stage family. On the whole, I should say they are not quite so lifelike on the film, with the important exceptions of father, mother, and daughter Ann, who reach an identical verisimilitude. This is to pit Ian Hunter, Olivia de Havilland, and Bonita Granville against Owen Nares, Fay Compton, and Alexis France. And the result, as they say at darts, is level pegs. It is almost incredible, by the way, that this very English film should have been made in America. I could hardly have believed it but for an exceedingly unlikely view, seen from an artist's studio-window, that included almost the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral! The scene was originally set in Holland Park, and it is a charming blunder to have shifted it to Cheapside to permit this astonishing vista.



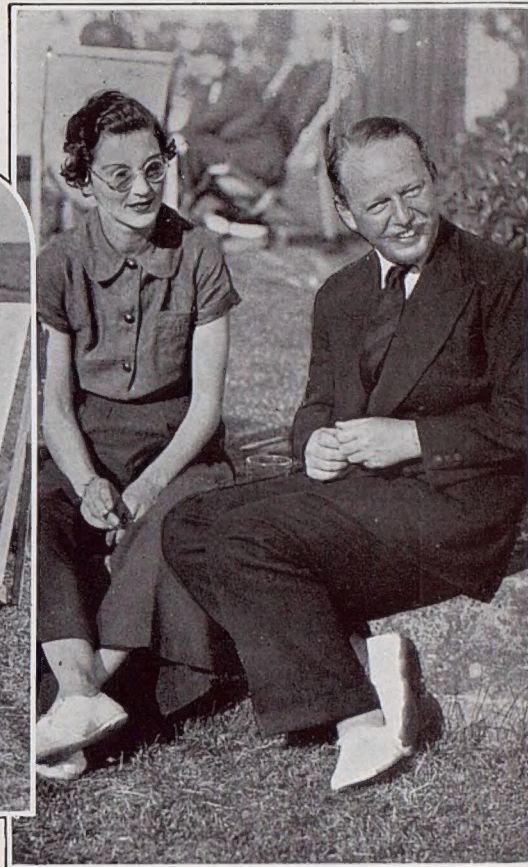
IN THE HOLLYWOOD NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, senior, arriving at the Carthay Circle Theatre for the first showing of *Wee Willie Winkie*, Shirley Temple's new picture, which is reported to be this pocket genius's best yet. Nowadays Douglas Fairbanks has more or less given up the film career in which he achieved such fame, preferring to go around with his lovely wife, the erstwhile Lady Ashley

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE YACHT CLUB



MR. AND MRS. J. E. HARRISON

MRS. C. N. FANE AND MISS
SCHUSTER ON THE LAWN

MRS. I. TUBBS AND MR. C. DUNBAR

PRINCE ALPHONSE DE
CARAMAN - CHIMAY

Photos: Arthur Owen

MR. JOHN FANE AND MRS. FERGUS FORBES

CAPTAIN AND MRS.
A. W. HAZLERIGG

The Household Brigade has clubs and organisations covering nearly every form of sporting activity and their yacht club is one of these. The station of the club is at Warsash, that happy spot just inside the Hamble River, which most people associate with eating the more succulent crustaceans while the shipping goes down Southampton Water towards Calshot Light in a procession of sparkling lights against a purple sunset. Of the gallery on this page Mr. J. E. Harrison is in the Grenadiers and Mr. Dunbar in the Coldstream. Mrs. I. Tubbs is the wife of Captain Ian Tubbs, and Mrs. Forbes of Major Fergus Forbes, who are also Coldstreamers. Captain Hazlerigg is a Gunner—their motto of “Ubique” is sufficient warrant, to those who can remember their Latin, for an Artilleryman to be mixed up in anybody's party—as they always are in any self-respecting war!

Racing Ragout By "GUARDRAIL"



LORD GEORGE DUNDAS AND CLIFF RICHARDS: A RECENT PADDOCK PICTURE

Lord George Dundas, the Marquess of Zetland's brother, trains very successfully at Headquarters. Cliff Richards, although he cannot outvie "big brother Gordon," is yet very much one of those whom the leading Turf Guide calls "Principal Jockeys under Rules of Racing"

caster, which this year is worth about £2,000 and a £200 cup. For this the entrance is only a fiver with a fiver forfeit, i.e., the owner only pays *ten shillings per cent.* in entrance fees! This is the right spirit.

For the small owner with the moderate animal the winning of races is sometimes rather an expensive business. In all probability the luckless owner of Time Marches On would show a loss on his victory in the Starboro' Selling Plate. Betting at three to one on and buying in at £500, plus presents and whatnots doesn't leave much sugar for the bird without betting exceedingly high. I remember a man on this course laying £1,400 to £800 on his horse, and by the time he had bought it in and paid out the usual disbursements he was £20 in hand. This works out to laying seventy to one on, which is hardly finance.

The Second July opened in rather sultry sort of heat and the first day's racing, with a rather monotonous succession of winning odds-on favourites, wasn't very amusing. The first heat was won as easily as a Mirzah victory by a rather unexpected one. This was a horse, by Fairway out of the dam of

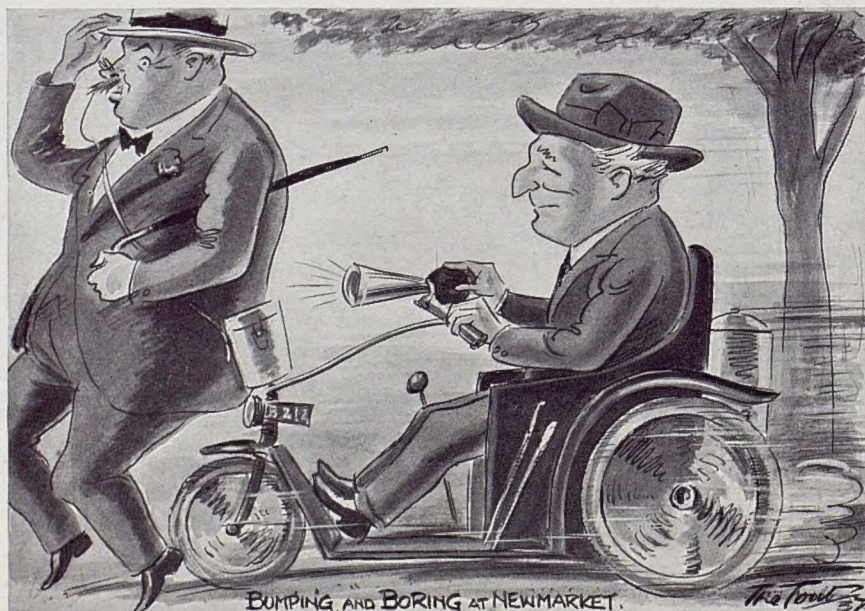
LOVELY Lingfield was not too lucky in its weather and it seldom is very lucky in its big races. With creditable enterprise they often stage £1,000 races, but the net result is generally an uninteresting walk-over for one horse with a couple of others doing crowd work and trying to get second money. A big handicap one would think would be more attractive than these races, which generally close ages before and which lose the entire entry during the acceptance stages. Speaking of handicaps, attention should be drawn to the Portland Plate at Don-

Autumn, who once had almost classic form in France. The name of Willet as trainer doesn't often, in fact I doubt if it ever has before, figured on a Newmarket race-card, though I understand it is well enough known at the Southern jumping meetings. The *on dit* was that the horse had been galloped for him by Gil Bennet, but that the trial horse had been beaten so easily that the latter wouldn't believe the gallop was right. Anyway, the horse came home alone and, I believe, has gone North to that ardent owner of platers, Mr. Deuchar, whose Arran Beg and Fuzzy Wuzzy have done him such yeoman service. Unbreakable, again swerving badly, won his race with ease and must be a very fast two-year-old.

A hot Second July Meeting makes one feel that it is nearly time for the post-Goodwood holiday from racing. With the Limekilns as the only good galloping ground, nearly every horse not stalled on the racecourse side goes there every day. It is hard to say whether horses, lads, hacks or trainers get the most bored with the same old unalterable routine. The walk down the fly-infested belt, only enlivened by a loose horse coming bridleless through the trees like he was haunted, the slow canter up the asphalt cantering ground, the same walk back down the belt and the faster work on the bottom side. It is small wonder that horses get bored black, that hacks lose their action and trainers develop apathy, irritability, over-optimism, or any of the many other hallucinations to which they are subject. The sales, too, don't have quite the same interest as at the First July Meeting and the whole thing feels rather flat. The Eclipse and Goodwood lie before us at the moment of writing and all we want is the winner of the Stewards' Cup to get our "'oliday money." I don't approve of handicaps as a rule for this purpose, but some of the weights allotted seem so odd that I feel there must be a hole in it. I should think Mickey the Greek's trainer sent a special messenger with his scratching when he found he had to allow Veuve Cliquot ten pounds for a head and half a length, while Terror meets Lady of Shallott 6lb. better for beating her the same amount. These, of course, lose their ante straight away, but the winner takes some finding amongst the others. I rather incline to Veuve Cliquot, Firozapore and Couvert, taking into account that his race for the Wokingham was only a very short time after a very hard race for the Hunt Cup. Mr. Fawcett is, however, a great deal cleverer man than I and probably someone has laid themselves out to be a great deal cleverer than he, so that there will no doubt be a good turn up and we shall go home insolvent again. Next week is Liverpool, a nice, quiet unobtrusive meeting with winners not too hard to find and

none of that jostle and crowd which Liverpool represents to those who only know it at the National meeting.

I should like to say how sorry I am for any pain I may have caused by having mentioned in one of my writings that an outlet for "deplorable" horses could be found abroad, one of the countries mentioned being Norway. A correspondent from that country writes to say this is not so and sends a list of English sires as long as a Lord Mayor's menu by which their horses are got. I am sure he is right. Everything is comparative and comparisons are odorous, but if the one we sold which won *first pop in Sweden* crosses the frontier and wins in Norway my faith will be shaken.



BUMPING AND BORING AT NEWMARKET.

MAJOR W. V. BEATTY AT SPEED

Everyone in the racing world was delighted at Major "Vandy" Beatty's recovery from the very serious operation which he underwent last year; equally they feel the deepest sympathy for the necessity of the motor-driven bath-chair from which he now successfully directs the Phantom House Stable. And if our caricaturist has handled the subject with a touch of lightness, it is no more than the treatment accorded to it by the indomitable courage and spirit of "Vandy"

AT BEMBRIDGE REGATTA



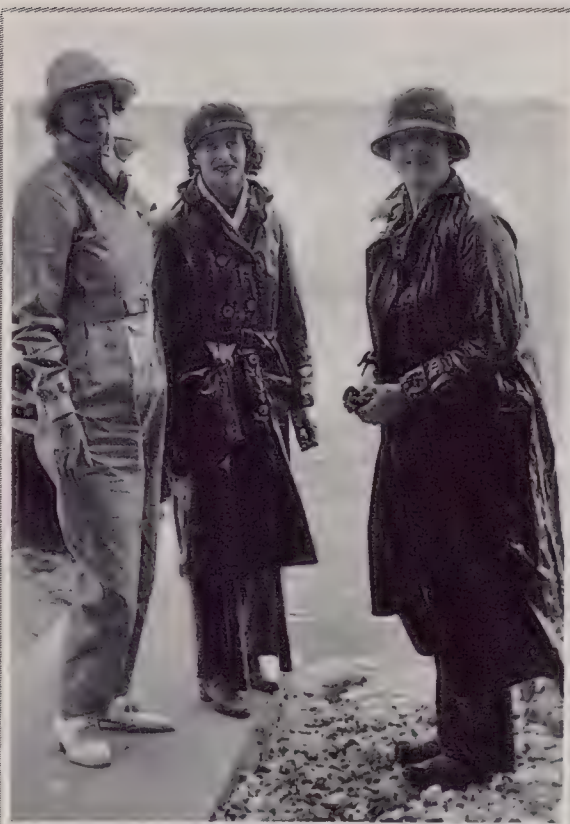
MISS MARY CAMPBELL
AND COLONEL MURRAY



COMMANDER FOLEY, MR. T. THORNEYCROFT
AND MAJOR SAVILLE



MR. AND MRS. JOHN FANE
ON THE BEACH



MRS. ISMAY, MISS PAMELA ISMAY
AND MISS DU BOULAY



MRS. MUSKER, MRS. DAVENPORT
AND MRS. PHILIPS



MR. LOUIS CAMPBELL AND MRS. HUGH
COLLINS

Bembridge is one of the most pleasant of the yachting centres that cluster round Southampton Water and its two approaches. It lies, perfectly sheltered and tucked in behind St. Helen's, on the Island Shore opposite Portsmouth; the waters of Spithead form its attractive scene of operations. The home of small craft rather than of the "big fellows," it has a "floating population" of keen and skilful yachtsmen. The pictures were taken at the recent two-day regatta, under the Bembridge Sailing Club's burgee, for the International and Solent Classes. The breeze was light on the first day, but freshened during the afternoon of the second, westerly at the opening of the regatta and backing to south-west. Mr. "Tom" Thorneycroft, Commodore, and Commander Foley, secretary, are seen at the top of the page in control of the proceedings in the chairs of office, with their sturdy signalman in the background. Major H. Musker's "Cedora" was third in the Eight-Metre class on the first day; Mrs. Musker is one of the gallery here shown. Mrs. Hugo Collins is the owner of "Harmony," winner, on the first day, of the race for Solent Sunbeams.



THE LATE GEORGE GERSHWIN

The sudden death in Hollywood of George Gershwin was a great shock to innumerable admirers of his great musical talent. This master of melody-makers came under doctor's orders a few weeks ago, after a collapse, but indomitably continued to work, with his brother Ira, on the music for a new film called "Goldwyn Follies." He broke down again, was hurried unconscious to a nursing home and died next day, an emergency operation having proved unavailing. George Gershwin, who first achieved fame as the composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," wrote the music for many film successes, including the latest Astaire-Rogers picture, "Shall We Dance?" He was only thirty-eight

own unknown ancestors, and how they shaped my destiny—if destiny be character—I feel strangely like the dead walking. For the Past never dies. We can never escape it. We may be totally unconscious of it. It may be invisible to the naked eye. But it isn't dead by any means. It, metaphorically speaking, breathes and has its being as much to-day, albeit in a different fashion, as it did when it was as alive and conscious as I am who write this, or you who read it.

And the whole power of the Past is entrancingly explained to us by Mr. Rex Welldon Finn, M.A., in his fascinating book, "The English Heritage" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). It begins with the Celtic and pre-Celtic legacy; it continues with the legacies left us by the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons, the Scandinavians, the Normans, the Early and Later Middle Ages, the Tudor, the Puritan, and the Inventors; and it shows us how these legacies, inherited by us from past ages and movements, still belong to our daily life, though most of us haven't a notion of their origin or whence they came. Yet our manners and customs, our names, our language, the physical, mental, moral and social structure of our lives, are all woven into their present pattern with threads stretching away back into the dim ages of ancient history. Mr. Finn has made the whole romance of it fascinating to a degree, and so easy to understand and to follow

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Past Within and Around Us.

I ALWAYS have a sneaking understanding of the worship of ancestors by the Chinese. There is so much of the past within and around us—of most of which we are totally unconscious—that it seems more reasonable to worship it than worship the Future, as so many appear to do, which matters individually to us so little. When I think of my

that one has not to be already full of historical, archaeological or geographical knowledge to understand and follow it. The result of reading this book will add a whole new interest to life. For to a great extent it turns the entire aspect of modern life into a story which can be read backwards by all who wish to turn the pages of history, and discover the why and the wherefore of it all.

It transforms, in fact, the prosaic acceptance of everyday things into so many romances of which knowledge is the key. To travel about in England will therefore become a tenfold more thrilling adventure, because this knowledge adds glamour to ordinary existence. For, just as we are ourselves woven out of the past into the pattern of our own individual personalities, so, equally, is a nation. The villages, towns, monuments, the general lay-out of England, are equally the result of legacies left by the past. Humanity itself is therefore just a story which is being told, each chapter dovetailing inevitably into what has gone before, and is consequently inescapable.

And in the English romance, we who were conquered so many times, this national story is fascinating to a degree. Our conquerors each left us a legacy which remains to-day, often so unchanged that we can trace its influence everywhere around us still. Our laws, our habits, our mental outlook, are often but "gifts" which we have inherited from strangers, though we realise it seldom. And although each separate legacy seemed to change that which had gone before, it really only added to it, eventually to make another pattern superimposed on the old. Then came the Age of Invention, and the pattern changed once more—violently—without, nevertheless, obliterating. The "old" story still went on; the earlier chapters, so to speak, necessary to know if we would understand more clearly the new ones. And this whole story of "what-we-are-because-of-what-we-were," has been told in "The English Heritage" in a way which all can follow with delighted interest, enjoy, and find the English scene more fascinating for their knowledge.

It is better than a guide-book, because it tells you the why and wherefore of the things you go out to see. It brings to the whole romance of history an added significance, a new interest. And this romance can be read and enjoyed by everyone who surveys the English scene. Moreover, he can himself continue the romance when he realises the legacies which are still being left to the coming generations, for good or ill, and prophesy within himself what will be their outcome in the future apparently unborn as yet. Mr. Finn's book is a book to enjoy and a book to keep for reference. It provides a "popular" key to the whole romance of our English story.

The Hollywood Legacy.

To a certain extent, Mr. E. Nils Holstius's new book, "Hollywood Through the Back Door" (Bles; 10s. 6d.), is a continuation of these legacies. Not a very elevating one as yet, perhaps, but powerful because of its inanity. Since the big majority of us are utterly inane when it comes to anything

(Continued on page 108)



Finey

AT THE RIPON DIOCESAN RALLY

The Right Rev. G. C. L. Lunt, M.C., D.D., seventh Bishop of Ripon, the Very Rev. C. M. Owen, V.D., D.D., Dean of Ripon, and the Right Rev. E. N. Lovett, C.B.E., D.D., ninety-sixth Bishop of Salisbury, in the grounds of The Palace, Ripon. The present Bishop of Ripon was consecrated Bishop in 1935, after being Vicar of Portsea, Honorary Canon of Portsmouth, and Proctor in Convocation; he was a Padre in the Great War. Dr. Lovett was translated Bishop of Salisbury last year. He was formerly the first Bishop of Portsmouth. Dr. C. M. Owen, who came to The Deanery, Ripon, in 1915, from being Archdeacon of Birmingham, is a Chaplain of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem



Yvonne, Berkeley Square

GETTING MARRIED ON JULY 22: MISS PRISCILLA LAMBERT AND MR. JOHN LOWTHER, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE DUKE OF KENT

There are likely to be big crowds in Fleet Street to-morrow afternoon when Miss Priscilla Lambert marries Mr. John Lowther, for the Duke of Kent has promised to be best man to his private secretary, and the Duchess of Kent is also attending the wedding ceremony, which is to be at the Temple Church. Miss Lambert comes from Ross-shire, and is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lambert, of Braelangwell Lodge, Ardgay. Her bridegroom has been a member of the Duke of Kent's Household since 1935. Mr. John Lowther is the son of Lady George Cholmondeley and the late Major the Hon. Christopher Lowther, and grandson and heir of Lord Ullswater, who was Speaker of the House of Commons for sixteen years. A reception in Inner Temple Hall follows the wedding

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

beyond eating, sleeping, idling and making so-called love. Moreover, there is "money" in playing down to human nature; starvation usually awaits the uplifters. And this greed for money—offspring, I suppose, of the commercial developments subsequent upon the legacy of Invention—finds its golden opportunity in catering for the mass-puerility. Films have had, and still have, an enormous influence; but evidence for good is difficult to find. It has raised an enormous number of False Gods and Wrong Values; but False Gods and Wrong Values are always mentally easier to follow and to hold.

One's respect for the film world is not enhanced after reading Nils Holstius's vivid, interesting book. What a racket! What a bally-hoo! What a gang! That seems to be the mental conclusion of Hollywood as thus seen through the back door. Jews, of course, at the top. Mostly uneducated Jews into the bargain. The author, burning his comfortable boats behind him in England, went to California in the hope of finding a job on the reputation of three successful novels, and a position in the gramophone-recording world. He wanted, however, to be accepted on his merits, so he did not use the powerful letters of introduction to the Hollywood big-wigs which he had in his possession. It wasn't at all the right "key" with which to open Hollywood's synthetic kingdom. Promises made to him in England became so much stony indifference when there was a chance of fulfilling them.

Briefly, there are, apparently, no "manners" in a Hollywood directorate, unless good manners may possibly "make money." It is, indeed, such a rich, vulgar, uncultured, uneducated world that in its cocksureness and power it appears unreal—or, rather, unbelievable. How, for instance, in any other world could a woman, even with Greta Garbo's gift for film-posturing, achieve this tragic destiny? Apparently her hatred of crowds is not merely a "stunt." Here is a picture, given by Henry Daniell, who has acted with her. "Never able to go into a shop, to go anywhere in public, without having buttons torn off your clothes as souvenirs! Never able to dine publicly in a restaurant, play tennis, go on holiday, to leave your own front door without an army of photographers and unruly crowds waiting to besiege you! To have no private life, to know that if you did go into a shop and buy a hat, there would be millions of similar hats rushed on to the market immediately, bearing your name! The most unhappy and lonely woman I ever met. Her own success has imprisoned her, so that her life has developed into a routine of getting up at six o'clock in the morning, driving, almost in an armoured car, to the studios, having to eat in the privacy of her own dressing-room, because her appearance, even in the studio commissary, would cause too great a sensation. . . . That's Garbo's life! A prisoner. The richest and most unhappy woman the industry has ever created. The greatest personality the screen has ever known. But the price she pays for that success is the complete ruination of her life. She cries for freedom from it all, but there is no escape. She can know no freedom now."

Which, when you come to regard it—when, with a sense of proper proportion, you think of the great actresses, the great poets, authors, artists, statesmen, the saints—convinces you that this film racket has let loose a latent mass-hysteria in humanity which may be profitable to the purveyors, and so, in the new moneyed dispensation justifies itself, but is, nevertheless, a tragedy of sheer human hysterics. And of how

idiotic is this "heaven" of the under-housemaid mind, which is the film world in its mass-producing sense, Mr. Holstius's book gives a vivid but uncomfortable picture. So many nice individuals within it, but the majority swamped by the bally-hoo of the ideal which marks its worship. For instance, Dr. Townshend alone, grown rich himself on his "six-hundred-a-year-for-all" political theory. Aimée McPherson as its arch-priestess. "Come to God" written over Los Angeles in Neon lights, side-by-side with "Buy Somebody's Pickles." More religions than is comfortable for salvation, with a complete "strip" (without much "tease") around almost every corner.

When Mr. Holstius first went out there, he went disguised as a tramp. By this means he hoped to see Hollywood from the inside—which "side" isn't exhibited outside to the world. As a tramp he found reality, and his earlier adventures are perhaps the most interesting in his very interesting book. He lived among the "victims" of this money ramp. He found some real men and real women down-under. When, eventually, he came up amongst the "stars," the rich Jew-directors, the hangers-on, the whole film-colony in concentration, he arrived in a world which seems as tawdry, as false, and as extravagantly unreal as the world represented in any super-picture. Nevertheless, if you are really interested in reading about this Hollywood world as it is, and some of the inhabitants—especially the English colony working out there—I don't suppose you will find a more honest, outspoken book. It makes you want to laugh and jeer, admire here and there, and feel mentally and morally exasperated all the time. And if this be the kind of place from which the modern world is receiving its latest "legacy," something, you are convinced, seems to have gone backward in the march of adult progress, no matter how much those of "arrested development" may seem to skip along.

A Good Novel.

Lord Carfax in John Moore's novel, "Clouds of Glory" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), knew all about love "stunts." So unimaginative have people grown that only a first-rate stunt can make their emotions sit up, so to speak. His idea of the perfect stunt was Sex interest, Money interest, Adventure interest, Suspense interest, and Big-name interest all combined. He knew his world, and what his newspaper readers found thrilling. So he put up £10,000 for a world flight from Croydon to Melbourne, Australia. But these big flights have begun to lose interest. There have been

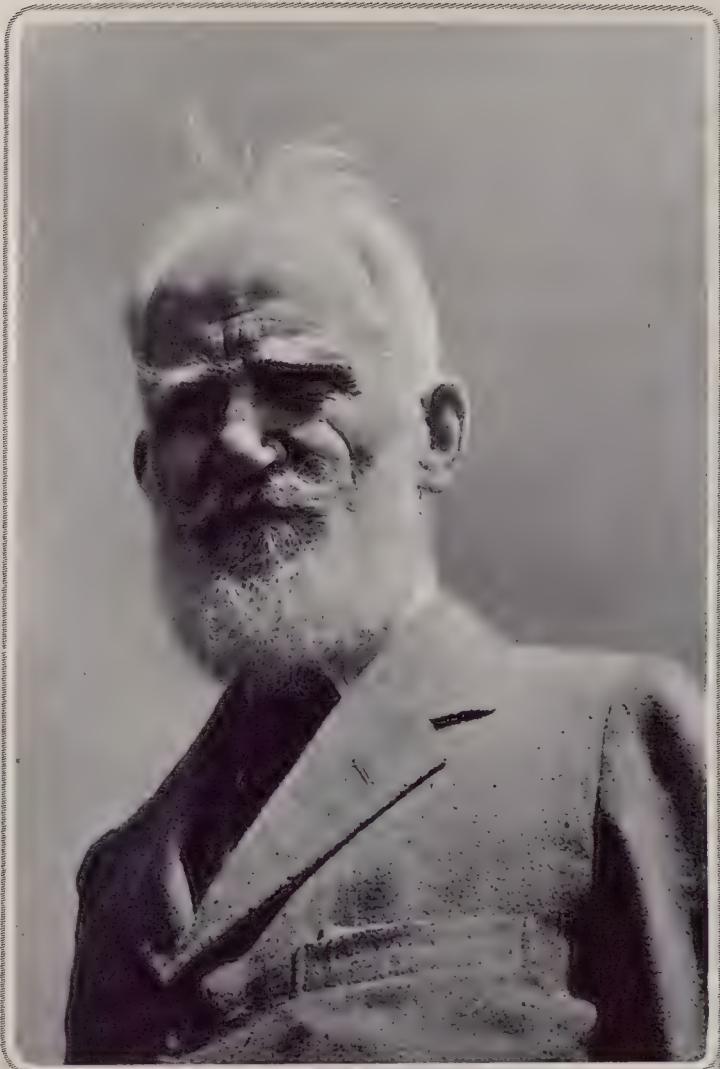
too many of them. For when one record has been beaten, another must immediately be set up. Ordinary people have begun to wonder exactly why? But when, however, all the main news-interests are combined, such another "record" becomes immediately quite another racket. One of the fliers is the daughter of a dead peer. She badly wanted the money. The other, a young airman. And, besides winning the prize money, flying the same route from opposite directions, they were to be married if both came through successfully. The story concerns the organisation of this gallant attempt, with all the adventure, the excitement, and the love-interest accompanying it. And it is told with all that broad effect which would appeal to the readers of Lord Carfax's newspapers. Marriage, for example, is always a sign of purity. A Tyneside accent is given to the young airman to denote his plain, honest manliness. The girl, it goes without saying, is brave and charming. While the machinery of the "stunt" itself is described brilliantly. Altogether a first-rate story of its kind.



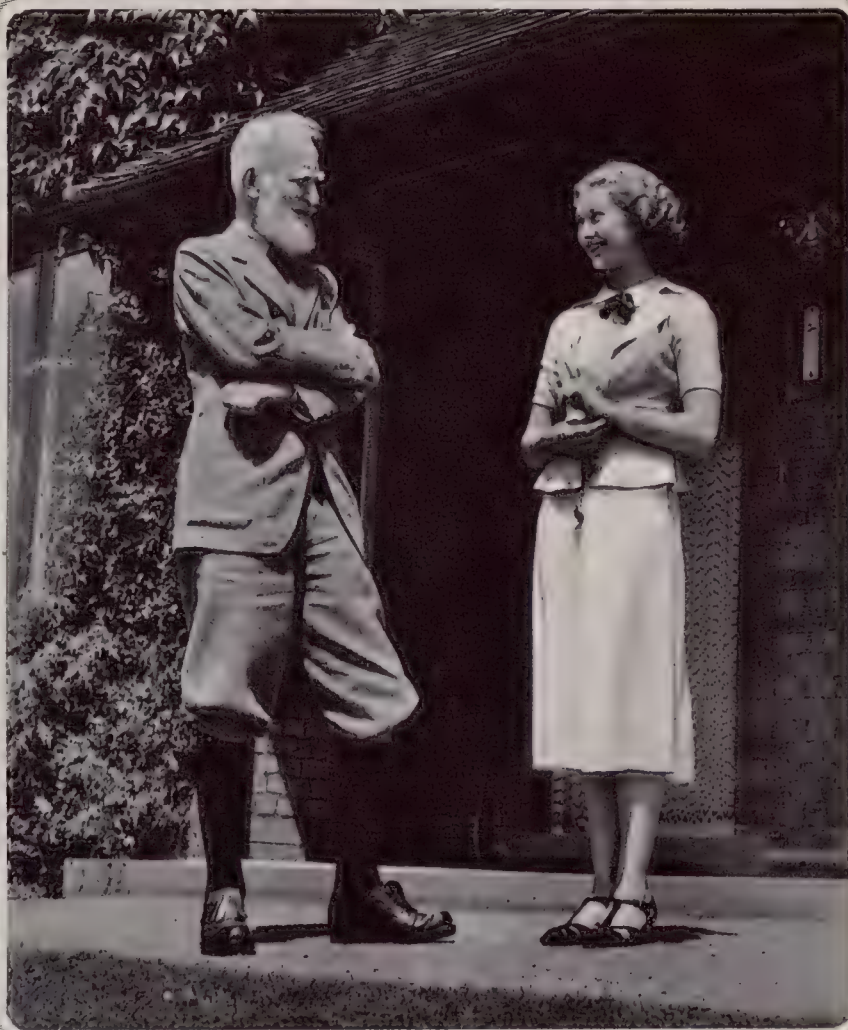
A SUCCESSOR TO GRETA GARBO? VERA LIESSEM, FROM VIENNA

Greta Garbo has announced her impending retirement from the screen. Vera Liessem has been hailed by one critic, at least, as "the greatest tragic actress in Europe," and she has now gone to Hollywood to play rôles similar to those assumed by the Swedish star in the past. It remains to be seen whether the newcomer can replace her predecessor in popular favour; on the face of things there is no reason why she should not

A GREAT MAN AT HOME



81 NEXT WEEK: MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



DINAH SHERIDAN, ACTRESS, IS HIGHLY ENTERTAINED

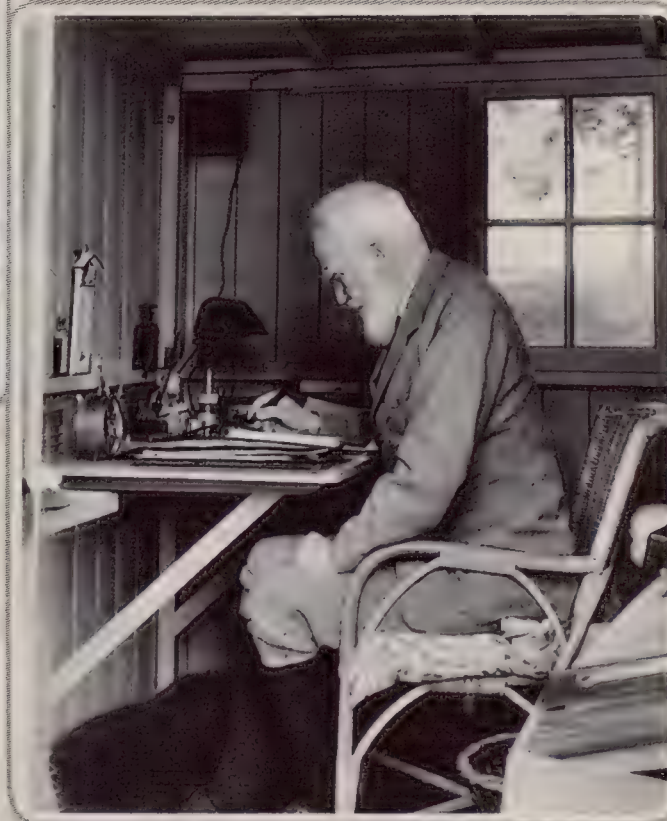


Photographs: "Studio Lisa."

MR. SHAW IN THE GARDEN AT AYOT ST. LAWRENCE

RIGHT: PENNING SHAVIANISMS IN HIS GARDEN-HUT STUDY

The camera is by no means always welcome at Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw's Hertfordshire home; in fact, Ayot St. Lawrence, where they have lived for over thirty years, has been something of a heartbreak house for more than a few photographers. However, on this particular occasion, the great man was quite agreeable to posing, both with and without Dinah Sheridan, a thrilled young visitor, aged sixteen, of whose playing in "Peter Pan" on tour he had approved. Bernard Shaw, believe it or not, will be eighty-one next Monday. He thinks birthdays too true to be good and would like to ignore his own, but as it coincides with the opening of the Malvern Festival, which he annually honours, he hasn't a hope as far as Malvern is concerned. This year the Shaw plays to be given at Malvern are "The Apple Cart" (1929) and "The Millionairess"; the latter, written in 1934, was first performed in England by the Forsyth Players at Bexhill last November



CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

WELL, it was a great Championship, and nobody shall say that it was won by anyone but the right man. Carnoustie set the seal on the good work that Henry Cotton had begun at Sandwich, and now I think his bitterest enemy must agree to class him, with Vardon, Jones, and Hagen, as one of the four great golfers of all time. At Sandwich he went off with such a rush in the early rounds that no one in the world but himself could cause him to lose: the fact that he very nearly did cause himself to lose took away something of the glamour of his victory. But at Carnoustie it was the other way round, and not until the sixty-third hole did he show his nose in front of the leader. For three days he was "coming from behind," and his sustained spurt over the last eighteen holes was one of the finest things in the history of the Championship.

I shall always remember a fable of my nursery days concerning the stag who used to stand beside a pool every day admiring the reflection of his handsome antlers and deploring the leanness of his legs. One morning he heard the cry of the hounds on his trail, and set off like a flash of lightning on his much-despised legs, only to be destroyed through getting his antlers caught up in a tree.

Cotton's golf at Carnoustie, though it happily met with a more fortunate result, reminded me of this little tale. One had heard, seen, and written so much about the perfection of his long game and the miserable unworthiness of his putting; yet when the time came it was to his putting that his triumph was due.

As a friend of his remarked: "It still gives you the staggers to watch him doing it—but the fact remains, he does hole an awful lot of them." Which is perfectly true, except that in that last round at Carnoustie he holed them all. He missed the greens so often with his second shot (and goodness knows, most of them were missable in two shots!) that he was enabled, by holing the resultant six-, eight-, and ten-footers, to reduce his total number of putts to twenty-five—a figure that is extraordinary enough in a summer evening four-ball, much less in the final stage of the Open.

There was general sadness that the Whitcombe family failed to pull it off after all, especially when two of them had led the field at the end of the second day. Perhaps it is not too late for their turn to come, but one has the impression that they must make haste. A great many people were under the delusion, when Reginald Whitcombe finished his last round early on the Friday afternoon, that the Championship was as good as over. He already had a lead of two strokes, and the scores were running so high and the rain



PRELIMINARY COURTESIES

Densmore Shute and Henry Cotton shaking hands under the eye of referee James Braid before their £500 match, over seventy-two holes, at Walton Heath. It was news of the world when Henry Cotton, British Open Champion for the second time, beat America's match-play champion by 6 and 5. Cotton's cards read, 71, 70, 69, and 48 for 13 holes. Shute, to whom Walton Heath was strange country, returned 72, 72, 73, and two under 4s for 13 holes. Giants indeed!



A CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

E. C. Ashby in action—according to "Mel." Captain of the Woodcote Park Golf Club and a member of the Society of London Golf Captains, E. C. Ashby plays off a 2 handicap. He looks on golf as a game rather than a business, and consequently gets more fun out of it than many

teeming down so hard that they automatically dismissed the possibility of his defeat.

And now what is the real truth about Carnoustie, as a golf-links and as a town? In both aspects it was the subject of many bitter complaints from the competitors, while in return the local townsfolk were bitterly resentful of what was published in the national Press.

Frankly, I am one of the detractors of Carnoustie as a town and don't consider it to be a fit venue for the Open Championship—a view which concurs with that held unofficially by the Professional Golfers' Association. There is only one good hotel (which has improved out of all knowledge and may now be recommended with confidence), and though I personally, through advertising in the local paper, secured the most admirable lodgings, that was not the experience of the numerous people who chose to tell me of their domestic woes in Carnoustie. Even at the end of the week, accommodation was so limited that the news editor of one of the great Sunday newspapers was compelled to spend the night in the Sailors' Rest at Dundee!

As an examination in golf, the Carnoustielinksissupremely good, with one exception—namely, the

bunkers in the centre of some of the fairways. The sixth, a hole of something more than 500 yards, is a good example. Here, where length from the tee is essential, the target at 250 yards is a mere 26 yards wide—and to my way of thinking that is ridiculously small. Twenty-six yards is not a fair width for a fairway. Nor is it any use saying that there is another 19 yards available on the other side of the central bunker, for a man must aim at one side or the other. If he aims on the left and finishes on the right, that is just a fluke—and is, moreover, highly unfair on the man who slices less badly and finishes in the trap. The difficulties of some of the tee-shots may be gathered from the fact that in many cases the acknowledged experts of the world were often compelled to take their irons.

Apart from this, I thought the course was tremendously impressive, and I should like to add that the stewarding throughout the week was both civil and efficient—a rare combination. The service whereby the Press were supplied not only with the complete scores of each player within a minute or two of their leaving the last green, but also with telephoned details of all the scores at the turn, was an indirect benefit to the many thousands of golfers who had to rely upon the newspapers for their impressions of the play. It is an example which I devoutly hope to see copied on all other Championship courses.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS

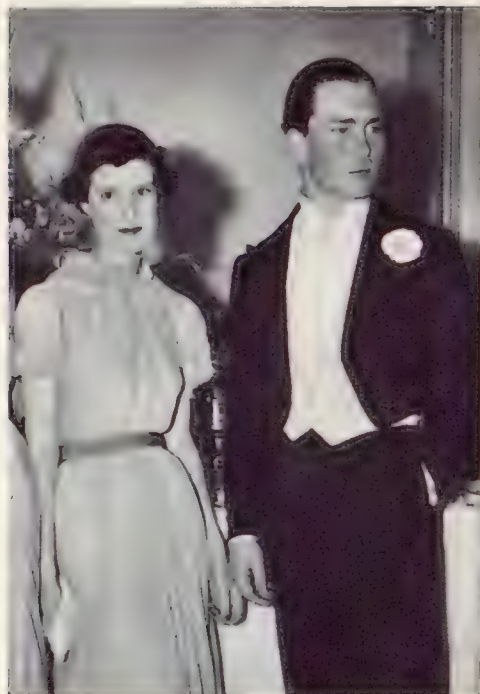


GRIM'S DYKE G.C., MIDDLESEX—By "MEL"

Grim's Dyke Golf Club, within twelve miles of London, straddles the mysterious ancient earthwork which gives the Club its name. No one has yet found out who Grim was nor even if he was anybody at all nor yet why he—or anyone else if he wasn't anyone—went to the trouble of digging that tremendous ditch. Some say that it was a Stone Age Caledonian who found that he had dropped a cowie or other contemporary unit of small change while journeying along the line still marked by his excavations. The Club was formed in 1910 and was formally opened by the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, the poetic wizard of the immortal light operas and the "Bab Ballads." The Club recently built itself a new club-house of excellent design and very well appointed. The order of play of the holes was adjusted to suit the new site. The course, if a little on the short side, is in excellent condition and playing extremely well.

NEXT WEEK: FLACKWELL HEATH G.C.

THREE COUSINS GIVE A DÉBUTANTE DANCE



MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS
AND MR. ROLAND WINN



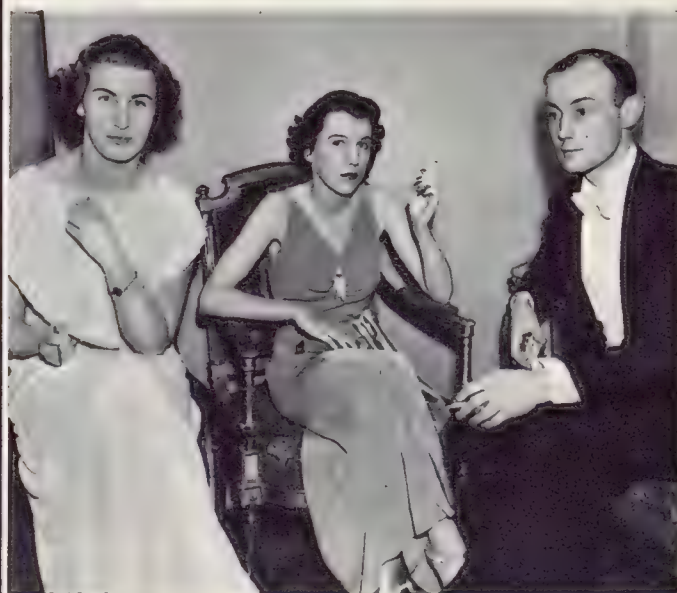
THE THREE HOSTESSES: THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS
NEEDHAM, THE HON. MRS. CURZON AND LADY NUGENT



VISCOUNTESS BURY WITH THE
MARQUESS TOWNSHEND



MRS. JAMES WEBSTER TALKING TO
THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY



MISS ROSETTA MANCROFT-SAMUEL, THE HON.
JEANNE FRENCH AND MR. IAN CUNYNGHAME



MORE DÉBUTANTES: LADY CAROLYN
HOWARD AND LADY MARY ACHESON



MR. MAXWELL AND LADY BARBARA LEGGE

A very good end-of-the-season ball was given recently at 30, Curzon Street by the Hon. Mrs. Francis Needham, Lord Kilmorey's sister-in-law, and her cousins, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Curzon and Lady Nugent, Sir Roland Thomas Nugent's wife. The three hostesses each contributed a débutante daughter—to wit, Miss Mary Needham, Miss Maureen Dunville, and Miss Elizabeth Nugent. Other charming young girls on view included Miss Mary Rose Charteris, cousin of the new Lord Wemyss; Sir Arthur Mancroft-Samuel's daughter Rosetta; Lord de Freyne's younger sister, the Hon. Jeanne French; Lady Carolyn Howard, only daughter of Lord Carlisle; Lord Dartmouth's fourth daughter, Lady Barbara Legge, and Lord Gosford's younger daughter, Lady Mary Acheson, whose gardenia shoulder-straps were "new" and effective. Mrs. James Webster, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Needham's sister, looked particularly well in gold satin and talked for some time to the new Cock of the North, the twelfth Lord Huntly, who succeeded his great-uncle in February. Lady Bury and Lord Townshend are East Anglian neighbours. Mr. Ian Cunynghame is a son of Sir Percy Cunynghame. Vice-Admiral Sir William James, the original of Millais' famous "Bubbles," is a Lord of the Admiralty and Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff



VICE-ADM. SIR WILLIAM AND LADY JAMES



LYEGROVE, LORD WESTMORLAND'S SEAT

Lord Westmorland is still known to a wide circle of friends as "Burghie," a contraction of his title as Lord Burghersh before he succeeded his father in 1922. The persistence of any nickname is an indication of the owner's popularity and this is very true in this case. In 1923, Lord Westmorland married the Hon. Mrs. Capel, a daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale, and widow of the late Captain Arthur E. Capel, C.B.E. The children to be seen on this page appear to inherit much of their mother's charm. Lyegrove is near Badminton, and Lord Westmorland is very well known with the Beaufort. He has also, in earlier days, proved his ability as a thoroughly competent G.R.

LORD WESTMORLAND AT HOME



MISS JUNE CAPEL AND TWO ALLIES



MISS ANN CAPEL, THE HON. JULIAN FANE, LORD WESTMORLAND, LORD BURGHERSH AND MISS JUNE CAPEL

Photos: Dennis Moss, Cirencester

A FAMOUS ARTIST'S



AT CECIL BEATON'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE:

Lord David Cecil, Mr. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Gore, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper and Mr. E. O'Behrendt

LADY CAROLINE PAGET AND
THE HON. DAVID HERBERTLADY WEYMOUTH AND
LORD ANTRIMLADY ALEXANDRA HAIG AND
MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILLMME. RALLI AND THE HON.
DAVID HERBERTMR. REX WHISTLER, LADY DAVID
CECIL, LADY ELIZABETH PAGET
AND SIR RICHARD SYKESLADY MARY DUNN AND
MR. EUGENE REYNALL

Mr. Cecil Beaton's Fête Champêtre was at his house at Ashcombe, among the downs near Shaftesbury. All the guests were asked to disguise themselves as something truly rural, and the host himself did it no fewer than three times, firstly in a creation of broken eggs, vegetables and beetles, then as something from the Stuart period, and lastly as a scarecrow. Some of the guests were also rather Protean, including Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, who changed from Roman to Greek attire. Lord Berners assisted the host in the organisation of the party, which was complete in all but one point—even the photographers wore smocks and the waiters masks—the deficiency being that Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell was not in fancy dress. The Hon. David and Anthony Herbert, the two younger sons of the Earl of Pembroke, were among the "life and soul of the party"; Lady Mary Dunn, Lord Rosslyn's younger daughter, did a little spot of see-saw. A play and a burlesque

FESTIVITIES FOR HIS FRIENDS



MR. JOHN RUSSELL AND LADY QUEENSBERRY



THE CAST OF A PLAY AT THE PARTY INCLUDED:
The Hon. David Herbert, Lord Berners, Miss Edith Olivier, the Hon. Anthony Herbert, Miss Olga Lynn and Mr. Cecil Beaton



LADY O'NEILL AND LORD STAVORDALE



LORD AND LADY BROWNLOW



LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS AND SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH

of Restoration Days was part of the programme, and the cast is seen at the top of this page. Baron Radourtz was, one would think, a little mixed in his mythology when he assumed that Pan, in the person of Lady Stavordale, would eat raw carrots. A shepherd god would hardly be so horticultural! No open-air junketing is really well done without a large bonfire. Lord David Gascoyne-Cecil, Lord Salisbury's younger son, sought out its friendly light and warmth (for the night was inclined to be drizzly) with his wife, who is a daughter of Desmond MacCarthy, the clever author and critic, who has become well known also in that newest medium, the ether, by way of the B.B.C. There were some three hundred people at the party in all, and the galaxy on these two pages shows that they were a widely representative selection, including much of the literary and artistic world, as well as less gifted but equally amusing people



BARON RADOURTZ AND LADY STAVORDALE



LORD AND LADY DAVID CECIL AT THE BONFIRE

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT



Bright
Bits
and
Floral
Pieces

TOM TITT

EVE OF WATERLOO, OR, GOOD-BYE, LADY DOLLY,
I MUST LEAVE YOU



PORTRAIT OF A COMEDIAN: LYLE EVANS

RANDOM reflections in the Saville Theatre during *Floodlight*, the revue which Mr. Beverley Nichols has written and composed with customary cleverness, and titivated with his well-known floral effects. This is the first time I have come across Nichols as a tinker of tunes. Well, his opening chorus would be nice and bright if only they wouldn't plug those eight bars 18 (or has it been 80?) times. Hermione Baddeley and a dozen others are now doing character-stuff in a Pullman on the boat-train. What is the point of their *va et vient* into the wings? Oh, yes, it's about not getting to the compartment in the corridor, and how that they shed, over "Occupé" on the French railway, their inhibitions over "Occupied" on the English. Not much of a point at that: surely the smile, grin, chortle or snigger over things lavatorial must be out of date, even in revue? No, around me are quite a few smiles, grins, chortles and sniggers. Which endorses the sentiment of the lively tourist-song that winds up this item: "However Far We Travel, Our Minds Remain the Same." Then, "Dancing Things to Come"—a bit more original, but only a bit. Astaires and Rogerses and whatnots of the film-future doing their bits in Wells-Korda costumes. Choreography a long, long way after the Massines and Lichines *de nos jours*; but that girl, Jean Black, and her male partners hoof it with vim and intricate angularities. And now, the bright particular personage of the light peculiar show—Frances Day, in smartly tailored uniform, using tootsy accents to sing the sorrows of a poor little lift-girl—Going Up, Going Down—Going Down, Going Up; and, more because of the song than the singer, I am in a minority when hoping that the poor little lift-girl will go somewhere very soon.

"Sir Thomas Beeton in the Kitchen." This is better, lots better. A burlesque ballet, well planned as to pattern, deftly malicious as to music, hilariously mimed by Hermione Baddeley's Cook and Cyril Wells's Chef; but I wish Lyle Evans would not turn the conductor's baton of Sir Thomas into a slapstick. "Dogs"—a nimble little song about



PORTRAIT OF A WASHERWOMAN,
OR SONG OF THE SHIRT AND
PANTS: HERMIONE BADDELEY

Cecilian artist in celluloid, is funny without being wildly exaggerated ("Come along, please, lie down somewhere. You've just been married—then do be natural. . . . Miss Fortescue, I think we might do something monstrous on the floor"). This next thing, Hermione Baddeley as washerwoman, is as funny but more monstrous—Miss Baddeley, training a sad, salacious eye on the underwear hung on the line, singing her song of the shirts and pants, and treading a measure with a pair of combinations, is macabre and repulsive, but hits the comic nail with a bang. Then, yet another Victorian piece, or bogus period-charade. "Danse Domestique"—more vim and able hoofing by Jean Black, Edward Britten and Tom Gillis. Some comic impressions by Lyle Evans of show-girls and cabaret-comics in New York: a turn with so much flavour that it must be (or ought to be) a favourite on the halls. And "Prelude to Battle," being another version of that Ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. On its credit side, grand, gilt *décor* and luscious costumes by René Hubert, and a pleasant love-ditty from Miss Day and Mr. Mills;

dogwomen, sung with some pungency by Betty Shale and Sylvia Leslie. "Little White Room"—Frances Day being blonde and airy with John Mills as partner: one of those sentimental pieces for engaged boy and girl, gracefully and not too tootsily done (but nowhere near the standard of that "Room With a View" in the late 1920's).

"Photography, 1897 and 1937"; and oh lord, who didst deliver Daniel, etcetera, please may I be delivered from Victorian contrasts in revue, with false whiskers on them. Especially when a Victorian photographer is made to pose his Alberts and Emmelines: here he is, again and alas! But in the succeeding event I am glad, just for once, that he has performed, because the oh-so-modern contrast, concerning a

and emphatically on the debit side, the footling game of musical chairs which a Lady Mary plays with the departing subalterns.

Well, that was a nice, long *entr'acte*; and now, some footmen and a heavy butler are doing sing-song about their betters in the dining-room: "His Lordship's smoking stinkers with the wine—the Swine." Domestics seem to be a sort of complex with our Mr. Nichols: this is the fourth number he has allotted them (the four, incidentally, are among his best). He follows with what is easily the best thing thus far, Lyle Evans's song for a chorus of male guests—"The Port Never Goes to the Right, to the Right," a rousing number that would be above par in anybody's comic opera of English life. Missing out the Misses Baddeley, Shale and Leslie in obvious vaudeville burlesque, not worth their astringent salt, we have Miss Day and Mr. Mills getting drunk on love and swirling in and out of Her Past and His Past, after the well-known absinthe-and-bitters formula. Passing on our left, with no more comment than it deserves, yet another Victorian contrast (weirdly inaccurate as to dates), we find ourselves at last amid real, honest-to-goodness satire: a brilliant little piece focussed on a hostess of Whoopee and her fancy man, done to the grotesque life by Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Butcher and the rest.

Ah!—here is the Beverley Nichols who loves flora: list to Miss Day, reading Wordsworth on daffodils. First her heart and then herself are dancing wiv ve daffodils. Lightly she floats, gently she plucks, delicately she fondles; and here are the Girls, yellow-petalled on the top, more or less like daffydownillies. Well, Miss Day dances with floral grace, and there is undeniably a public for it. But oh, dinkums and pinkums!—oh, Albertina!—Aw, shucks! But here is Boat Race Night, featuring Mr. Mills and other chaps from the winning crew, in a café where pansies, Lizzies and assorted highbrows scuttle around and giggle over Strokes and Coxes and Putney to Mortlakes. The author of *Floodlight* has a fine talent for tilting at precious freaks; but really, he shouldn't make his hearty Cox carry scorn into strident hysteria—most embarrassing.

Back with Miss Day amid the posies, she being a poor little Cinderella who can only afford to wear artificial flowers while longing for lilac and roses (tralala) and poppies, petunias (tralala). Right at the last is something that displaces the port-song as the show's best bet—John Mills, greatly funny as an author making a fool of himself in a first-night speech. His falsetto throat-noises are an inverted epic. Why didn't they let him be a comedian earlier, instead of a sentimental partner? Even so, *Floodlight* fills the bill for those who like revue that doesn't set out to review anything of special consequence.



AMONG THOSE PRESENT,
OR NASAL OCCASIONS:
FRANK FOX, CYRIL
WELLS, JEAN BLACK



DOGWOMEN: SYLVIA LESLIE, BETTY SHALE

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—“Business as usual”! Paris has quite a war-time air with the old, familiar notice posted up in so many of the cafés and restaurants. Only now there is no anxious *arrière-pensée* about it. The Makers-of-Trouble have rather over-reached themselves. One can tamper with a Frenchman's pocket-book and even with his *bas de laine* (the one does not always mean the other!) and get away with it, but it is distinctly unwise to start anything against his tum-tum. A strike that spoils his evening's pleasure at the theatre by lowering the curtain in the middle of the play will make him grumble, but he'll find entertainment in talking the matter over with the cloak-room attendant as he retrieves his hat and coat and in telling the bus conductor all-about-it on his way home.

A transport strike doesn't really upset him, either. He probably has a small car in storage for the holidays, and if he hasn't, there is always his young son's push-bike, to say nothing of the baby's scooter. Besides . . . walking is good for the liver and gives him an even better appetite than usual.

He doesn't worry when the retail provision merchants put up their shutters. That's his wife's business. She is sure to manage somehow! Experience has taught him that she will never let her man go hungry. He even grins when the electric power and the gas companies close down, and spends some happy hours in the attic routing out the old oil-lamps of his grandmother's childhood for use when the supply of candles gives out. BUT . . . walk out on him when he is just beginning to enjoy a well-planned meal in a cosy restaurant, sitting opposite a pretty companion . . . and then you will see the Gallic spirit rise up in its wrath and start things! The daily Press will, I think, have endorsed what I have just written. You will know by now, those of you who left Paris in such a hurry the other day, that you need not have been so hasty. If you had sat (or lain) tight and snug in your hotel bedroom, you would have found that your early cup of tea and your *petit déjeuner* would have been forthcoming in a very short while, and in a few hours' time you would have discovered that “business” was “as usual.” Dashed viscera-less, I call it, to do a bunk in the face of a little discomfort.

Needless to say, this applies to *all* the visitors who departed, in such a rush, to various destinations. I like to think that the British travellers I saw at the Gare St. Lazare that evening had all booked their seats long ago. Anyway, there are plenty left in Paris, if I may judge by the packed houses at the Théâtre Michel, where Edward Sterling and his “English Players” are appearing in *George and Margaret*. What a delightful little play this is! Mr. and Mrs. Sterling (Mabel Vaughan) are excellent as Mr. and Mrs. Garth Banders and Paris has lost its heart to Miss Betty Huntley Wright . . . just as I lost my own to her more years ago than *she* can remember, since, when it happened, she was a very small, frilly, talcum - powder - scented morsel of humanity, blowing bubbles (without a pipe) in a lace-trimmed cradle.

It was in Paris. Her father was playing in the French version of *The Prince of Pilsen* with Madge Lessing. Mrs. Wright and a few-months-old baby Betty were keeping the hotel fires burning for daddy to come home to between every performance. Hotels don't have fires like that any more. . . . “Fred” and Mrs. Wright used to give the loveliest tea-parties, to which they always invited the English Tiller girls as well as the stars of the company, and Betty was the Queen of the party, bubbles, bib, other lingerie and all!



Photos: Pias, Paris

FLORITA: A BEAUTIFUL SPANISH DANCER

Florita is a native of that country from which so many of the world's most attractive dancers originate. She is appearing with great success in Paris at the moment. She wears some most magnificent frocks—but not always

Another English play that is having a huge success in Paris is *French Without Tears*, which has been really marvellously adapted into French by Pierre Fresnay. The whole thing has been turned inside out. The action takes place in England. The tutor is English and 'tis the young colts that are French and come over to acquire English without *larmes*. “English without tears,” however, does not mean anything in French and Fresnay calls it *L'écuire Watson* (Watson being the tutor).

The colts are all played by actors in their early twenties; one of them is in his teens and the two girls of the play are really as young as the author supposes them to be. They both bear famous stage names, and this possibly explains their talent. One is Jacqueline Porel, the granddaughter of our great Réjane, and who is, of course, too young to have seen her grandmother act; the other is Gilberte Géniat, Mme. Marcelle Géniat's own daughter. Slim, dark-haired Jacqueline is the young would-be vamp, while fair-haired, dimpled Gilberte is the “nice” girl.

They are both very clever and quite charming, and Gilberte especially has a delightful, fresh girlishness and simplicity that is extremely moving, and oh, what perfect diction!

PRISCILLA.



LADIES v. MEN AT HYDE HALL

MRS. REWA GILMER AND
MR. P. LAWRENCE

MR. AND MRS. J. LOTINGA

SIR THOMAS DEVITT, MRS. R. BROOKS
AND MRS. MASON

MISS BETTY HARBORD



MISS LORNA NEVE AND MRS. GOLD

(BELOW) THE HOST, SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, MR. AND MRS. J. NEVE
AND LORD GRAVES AND NICHOLAS

On this occasion the Ladies, represented by Miss Gypsy Lawrence's XI., met the Men, Mr. "Pat" Lawrence's XI., at Hyde Hall. The father of the opposing captains is seen in the bottom picture with Lord Graves. The score-sheet showed the latter as "8—tired out"; from his general expression his cigar appears to be "3d.—gone out"! Sir Thomas Devitt proved extremely fast over the ground in the field, but couldn't throw in, with the wrong fin, for sour apples. His speed is not surprising, since he is a former England three-quarter. Miss Betty Harbord is a member of the sporting Yorkshire family, her brother, Mr. "Bill" Harbord, is an Eton and Yorkshire player. Mrs. Gold is Joint Secretary with Mr. F. N. Gilbey of the Essex Hounds. Mr. Gilbey was playing for the Men's Side (who, incidentally, were victorious). Young Nicholas Neve, had a knock-up all by himself with his very own bat, made from the very same willow from which Don Bradman's presentation bat was hewn!



PLAYING GOLF AT NEWMARKET

The Senior Steward Takes Down a Team

SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH
HITS A GOOD DRIVEON THE TWELFTH TEE: SIR
HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORDMR. BASIL BRISCOE AND HARRY WRAGG
APPROACHING THE TWELFTH GREENMR. W. JARVIS, THE HON. F. EGERTON,
MR. BRISCOE, MR. PILKINGTON
AND MR. BELLANEY

MR. JACK JARVIS LETS FLY

CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD, MR. H.
TUFTON AND CAPTAIN E. STOCKS

These pictures were taken when owners, trainers, and jockeys got together not long ago on the golf-course at racing H.Q. for a match between Sir Humphrey de Trafford's team and a Newmarket team captained by "Bobbie" Jones. Newmarket won by $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ after some most exciting contests. Sir George Bullough, playing for the Senior Steward, found Willie Jarvis, the King's trainer, 2 and 1 too good for him, and Basil Briscoe was also on the losing side, Harry Wragg beating him

on the post. Captain Eric Stocks, however, levelled things a bit by gaining the verdict over Newmarket's captain. The Hon. Francis Egerton is a brother of the Hon. Thomas Egerton, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's predecessor as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club. Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort Precipitation's trainer, played for Newmarket, and so did Jack Jarvis, who saddled the respective winners of this year's Coronation Stakes and Gold Vase at Ascot

*Cannons of Hollywood*

THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN

A recent portrait of one of the ladies who, before their marriages, were ever spoken of as the "Ruthven twins," and are so alike that people cannot tell them apart! The Hon. Mrs. John Barran was the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven, and her twin sister, the Hon. Margaret, is now the wife of Mr. Peter Llewellyn Davies. They are the two younger daughters of Lord and Lady Ruthven; the two elder ones are Lady Carlisle and the former Hon. Irene Hore-Ruthven, who married Don Francisco Larios of Algeciras. Mr. John Barran is the eldest son of Sir John Barran, the second Baronet, and three years ago a future holder of the title was born to him and christened with the illustrious name of Napoleon



SUNSET ON THE MORAY

There is no sound along the endless strand.
 There is a pallor in the evening light :
 The slumbering swell creeps silently to land,
 No life awaits the long-delaying night.
 Only, like souls in lamentation, fall
 The distant wailings of a curlew's call.

It was not always so—here once there lay
 Long deadly lines, the menace of great ships,
 Huge shapes of doom, looming and dull and grey,
 Prophets of death with thunder on their lips,
 Unsleeping, restless on the restless tides,
 While winter's fury stormed their streaming sides.



FIRTH AT LOSSIEMOUTH

It was not always so—the summer sun
 Has seen white sails that danced across the blue,
 White gulls that bickered where the channels run,
 By red-gold weed with bright sand gleaming through,
 Offshore the porpoise leaped in splashing play,
 And waves sang softly to the happy day.

But now no whisper comes: the sun's bright road
 Across smooth miles beneath a clouded gloom
 Waits in a silence heavy as a load.
 Why is there silence? The road waits for—whom?
 Not even echo wakes to make reply
 To the aimless questing of the curlew's cry.

A. M. HARBORD

Alex. B. Beattie

**SIMONE SIMON**

Simone Simon, the 20th Century-Fox film star, is the very charming little French lady who starred in "Seventh Heaven" with James Stewart. At the moment she is on holiday in her native land, but she is due to return to Hollywood some time in August, when she will set about the making of a new picture. This is a film play specially written for her, but as yet the Fox powers-that-be have not revealed its secrets. Whatever the story may be, it is certain at least that the leading character will be an attractive one

FESTIVE EDINBURGH

DURING ROYAL WEEK



AT EDINBURGH'S CORONATION BALL: MISS GELDA MACGREGOR, OF CARDNEY, AND MR. JOHN GILMOUR



MR. KENNETH DAVIDSON AND HIS WIFE, THE HON. MRS. DAVIDSON



LADY BREADALBANE AND COLONEL C. DE W. CROOKSHANK, LAIRD OF DRUMHALRY



MISS MAIRI CAMERON WITH MR. DAVID ROSE AND MISS JAN CHALMER



MR. ALISTAIR HAMILTON OF SKENE AND MISS ALEXA CAMERON



MR. CHRISTOPHER MACKINTOSH AND MISS BARBARA NAIRN



MR. DOUGLAS SPENCER-NAIRN AND MISS ELIZABETH BAMBER

Edinburgh looks back on one of the most festive weeks ever known in Scotland's capital, the reason being, of course, the visit of the King and Queen. Among innumerable parties given in honour of so memorable an event was the Coronation Ball held at the Pompadour Room. Here are some of the people who dined and danced at it. Mr. John Gilmour, seen with Miss Gelda MacGregor, of Cardney, is the only son of Scottish statesman Sir John Gilmour. Mr. Kenneth Davidson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, married the elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Younger of Leckie last March. The Countess of Breadalbane's husband, one of H.M.'s Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, is the owner of many Perthshire acres. Miss Mairi Cameron, General Sir Archibald Cameron's niece, was with Mr. David Rose and Miss Jan Chalmer, daughter of the G.O.C., 156th (West Scottish) Infantry Brigade. Mr. David Rose and Mr. Alistair Hamilton of Skene are both Black Watch subalterns, and Mr. Douglas Spencer-Nairn, eldest son of Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, is in a Territorial battalion of this famous regiment. Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, super-ski-runner, is the Duke of Hamilton's son-in-law.



MRS. DOUGLAS SPENCER-NAIRN WITH MR. A. D. PUTNAM



THE HAILEYBURY XI., 1937

Haileybury defeated Uppingham (whose team is seen on the opposite page) this season. In other recent matches they drew with the Crusaders and the Free Foresters. The names are: (standing) P. D. M. O'Beirne, W. A. W. St. George, P. F. Mayhew, K. P. Bolton, R. B. Robey, W. J. H. Shephard, O. D. Fisher; (seated) P. Burridge, G. V. Hildick-Smith, N. S. Harrison (captain), R. D. Jupp and P. J. Barton

AT not a single one of the numerous Eton dinners held in London on the eve of the annual bat and ball contest at Lord's was the idea of a narrow, or otherwise, victory for the opposition so much as entertained.

IN the saloon bar of a well-known hostel quite close to Lord's, the Inquisitive Stranger whom we all know so well, the person who simply has got to talk, saw a large and florid man leaning up against the counter

Pictures in the Fire

and also an enormous tankard of ale. The man had the bottom button of his waistcoat undone and everything turned up that would turn up, and everything turned down that would turn down.

The Inquisitive Buz-zard said: "Eton?"

"No," said the man, thinking he was referring to his nose, "drinkin'!"

A hearty Etonian endeavoured to lure a husky friend of mine into a bet over the match. He offered him evens, Eton, and kindly remarked that he would throw the draw in. This beats anything that has ever been attempted in the way of trying to get a bet a tanner each way Oxford.

THE Year Book of the British Field Sports Society, of which his Grace the Duke of Beaufort is President, has just reached me, and is a very comprehensive and well-devised publication covering every branch of sporting activity and also dealing very adequately with all the anti-sport societies which—in spite of all that they profess and preach—are still not vegetarian, and continue to eat, let us say, veal and the pig in their various forms with never a word or a qualm about the way in which the wretched animals in question meet their deaths in cold blood and not a little brutally. There is one passage in this report to which I think particular attention should be directed, and it is this one dealing with the never-ending attacks in letters and articles in the Press. The Report says:

"The anti-sport crank is at least an enthusiast, and these articles are frequently followed by letters congratulating the newspaper upon the stand which it has made against sport. Consequently, the editor receives the impression that articles of this kind are



AT LORD AND LADY ELIBANK'S GARDEN-PARTY

This trio of guests at Lord and Lady Elibank's recent garden-party at Elibank, Selkirk, are Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Dolphinton and Professor T. H. Bryce. The Laird of Dolphinton's wife was Miss Delia Clark, daughter of Mrs. Wyndham Clark, before her marriage. Professor Bryce is Emeritus Professor of Anatomy at Glasgow University and also an expert on anthropological and archaeological subjects



A SEA-SCHOOL FOR WOMEN: MRS. CHARLES PEARS' "JUANITA"

Mrs. Charles Pears, the wife of one of our very best marine artists, makes a hobby of teaching seamanship to women. She is seen here (on left) at Dartmouth with a pupil preparing her "Juanita"—one of those sturdy little West Country fishermen, by the look of her—for a cruise to the Scillies and France



A GROUP AT THE KINGTON HOSPITAL FÊTE AT TITLEY

This fête, at Titley, Herefordshire, was opened by Lady Somers, wife of Lord Somers of Eastnor Castle, where H.M. Queen Mary will shortly be a guest when she visits Hereford to lay the foundation-stone of a new hospital. Lord Somers is Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire

In the group are: (standing) Dr. E. W. Maples, Mr. Payton and the Matron of Kington Hospital; (seated) Mr. C. J. P. Gwyer, Lady Somers and Mrs. Gwyer

By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT THE ELIBANK GARDEN-PARTY

Lady Hay of Haystoun was caught by the camera in the course of a conversation with Lieut.-Col. W. S. Cuninghame of Caprington. Col. Cuninghame is Lord of the Barony of Caprington and a Member of the Royal Company of Archers. He was formerly in the (now disbanded) 2nd Life Guards. Lady Hay's husband, Sir Duncan Hay, is also a member of the Archers. She is a daughter of the late Mr. W. C. Houston, and is a kinswoman of the Baroness Beaumont

popular, whereas if only one out of every hundred of those who read such articles with contempt were to write to the editor a short note marked 'Not for publication,' expressing regret at the newspaper publishing the article, no such articles would in future appear. This is a matter where the remedy lies not in the hands of the Society itself, but in the hands of its individual members. It is only a matter of two or three minutes to write such a letter to the editor, and if members were to spare the time necessary to do this, this section of the Annual Report would not require to be written next year."

It never seems to occur to the critics that everything kills everything else: the hound kills the fox, the fox kills the rooster, the rooster kills the worm, the worm kills something else, and the something else kills something else. At one time, of course, the beasts hunted man and had 6 to 4 the best of it, and still in some parts of this world man has by no means a sporting chance. I think the Blue Books which deal with what goes on in India and Africa might prove informative—to some of the critics! A casualty list of over 20,000 a year from wild beasts is something upon which to ponder. Much of this slaughter is not for food, but from the sheer lust of killing. It is the same thing as that which impels a fox to bite the heads off, say, twenty pullets, only one of which he wants to devour.

The fox is killed far more humanely than the pig, the calf, the fowl, the ox, or even the duck and the goose.

* * *

The late Major Jack Robson Scott, whom so many of us knew very well, made the most apposite remarks upon the subject of cruelty to hunted animals I have ever read. In his book, "My Life as Soldier and Sportsman," this passage occurs:

"There are no living animals on earth that do not destroy life to supply their own. When young, immature things meet with an untimely end, the psychic and physical development is so undefined that probably neither pain nor the fear of death is strongly felt. In death they really suffer very little. Then again, mature animals that



Stuart

THE UPPINGHAM XI., 1937

Uppingham, in the present season, have lost to B.N.C., the Crusaders and Haileybury, but defeated Old Cambridge, Free Foresters and Repton. The names (standing) include: K. R. T. Mackenzie, A. D. Englefield, E. A. Bland, W. Bainbridge, R. E. Creighton, P. M. Bennett (spare man); and seated are J. F. W. Ellerton, W. J. Pershke, P. Gillespie (captain), R. A. Carr and A. T. W. Taylor

are hunted until they are so fatigued they can go no further feel little or no pain when caught and killed, because the extra rate of breathing gives the blood a preponderance of oxygen, and acts somewhat after the style of laughing-gas. A mild form of asphyxiation takes place, by which the senses are dulled to an appreciable extent. Anyone who has received a severe blow when the blood is circulating freely has noticed that the pain following the blow is considerably less than it would be were it received in cold blood. Thus

(Continued on page x)



THE H.A.C. FLANK COMPANIES' BALL

In connection with the 400th anniversary of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Flank Companies' ball was held at Armoury House, Finsbury. Col. Comerai (Acting Adjutant) and Colonel Cahill (Commanding) are members of the delegation from the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, Mass. The names in the group are: Lady Galway, Lady Fortescue, Mrs. C. Mackenzie, Mrs. C. T. Cahill, Colonel H. J. Comerai, Lieut.-Colonel C. T. Cahill and Lord Fortescue



THE RULER OF ROUMANIA AND HIS SON: KING CAROL AND CROWN PRINCE MICHAEL (ON LEFT)

The occasion on which this photograph was taken was that of Prince Michael's recent promotion in the Roumanian Army. The parade took place in Bucharest and was attended by members of the Roumanian Government and the representatives of the Polish Army who are now paying a visit to the Roumanian capital



MISS KAY STAMMERS

Hay Wrightson

Miss Kay Stammers, England's only left-hander in the big tennis ring, has been selected to go to America with our Wightman Cup team, and it is hoped that the sea voyage will be a somewhat needed tonic. Miss Stammers has been handicapped by illness this season and was not at her best at Wimbledon, where she was beaten in the fourth round by Miss M. C. Scriven, 7-5, 6-3. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stammers, of St. Albans.

THEY were just unpacking their goods for a week-end's camping.

"George!" thundered the massive wife, as she came upon an unopened bottle of whisky, "what's the meaning of this?"

"That's all right, my dear. I brought it along to stick a candle in when it's empty."

A man standing outside his club was accosted by a man who said: "Excuse me, sir, but do you know a gentleman, a member of this club, with one eye called Matthew?"

"Can't say I do," was the reply. "What's the name of his other eye?"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A physical culture expert had been giving a series of lectures at the village institute on the subject of keeping fit. At the end of the talks the chairman said: "Our speaker is an example of what he preaches; he's over seventy years old and he could tire out many a man far younger than himself."

"And he certainly did!" came a weary voice from the back of the hall.

It was the first car he had ever owned, and he was immensely proud of it. As he took it into a garage one day for a minor repair, he said proudly: "You wouldn't think it was a second-hand car, would you?"

"Good heavens, no!" cried the mechanic. "I thought you'd made it yourself!"

"Your temperature seems to have taken a drop," remarked the doctor, visiting his patient.

"Can't you fix it so I can do the same, doctor?" pleaded the patient.

A dog merchant was trying to sell a mongrel pup. "This is a fine pedigree dog," he asserted to his client.

"But where is the pedigree?" asked the other.

"Oh, you must make that for yourself. He is the first of the race."

An Irishman obtained leave from work to attend a wedding. He returned with two black eyes.

The foreman asked him what had happened.

"When I got there," replied the Irishman, "I saw a fellow all dressed up like a peacock. 'An' who are you?' says I. 'I'm the best man,' he says, an' begorra, he was, too!"

The wrestler was on his back, groaning and beating the palms of his hands on the canvas. Helpless in the grip of a toe-hold, all he could do was cry out in pain. This had been going on for at least five minutes.

A sensitive girl, sitting in a ringside seat, found herself growing paler and paler as the moans of the unfortunate athlete grew louder and louder. She was on the verge of fainting.

The wrestler who held the upper hand noticed the girl's face grow white. Still applying the toe-hold with all his might, he bent towards his victim.

"Stop hollerin' so much, buddy," he cautioned. "There's a dame out front who can't take it!"

Yachting



Sitting under the deck awning, iced glass in hand; leaning on the rail, idly watching the dinghy bringing the mail from shore; lying back at night, watching the stars go drifting by—

For that type of yachting, it is smart to look cool, reposed and altogether casual.

Follow your usual Elizabeth Arden morning and night routine, with the addition of a little Sun-tan oil, or Sun-Pruf Cream to offset the salt air's tendency to dry and coarsen your skin. Protecta Cream, which, by the way, is waterproof, will save you from freckles or sun-spots. Use the Sun-tan make-up—not too heavily And, at night, become once again, the fragile elegante—with lighter Japonica Powder for finishing, and exotic tones of Eye Sha-do

Sun-tan Oil	-	-	-	4/6, 7/6, 12/6
Sun-Pruf Cream	-	-	-	5/6
Protecta Cream	-	-	-	5/6, 8/6, 12/6
Japonica Powder	-	-	-	7/6, 12/6
Eye Sha-do	-	-	-	4/6

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POLO NOTES By "SERREFILE"

One bit of 10th Hussar polo history I note has not been mentioned, and it has to do with the operations of an officer who used to be called "The Imp," his other name being General the Hon. Evelyn Baring, now, alas! among the shades. Once upon a time, when he was Military Secretary to the most superior Viceroy India has ever known, he decided that Simla, the place where Viceroys and such-like live when the Plains get too red-hot, ought to have a full-sized polo ground and a much better race-course. To attain this end involved blasting away a very considerable chunk of the Himalaya Mountains, but this did not stop Evelyn Baring, and the present polo ground and race-course at that romantic spot, Annandale, whose deodars could a tale of blistering love unfold that would simply stagger you, are a lasting memorial to the best Military Secretary since Bill Beresford. Baring never played polo in a 10th regimental side, but he was very first-class on a horse, and rode a very good race between the flags. Like most of that distinguished regiment—which has



CONIFERS WIN IN DUBLIN

In a thrilling finish, after plenty of good play, Conifers beat Germani by 5 goals to 3 in the final of the All Ireland Polo Club's Novices' Cup tournament at the Nine Acres, the Club's H.Q. in Phoenix Park. Mrs. John Leonard, who presented the Cup, is seen here with the team, whose names are (from left) Mr. John McCann, Mr. William Tyrrell, Major T. W. Kirkwood, the ex-International, and Mr. Dan Levins-Moore

THE 10th Hussars, victors in this year's Inter-Regimental, have had so much said about them by so many people that I expect they are tired of hearing any more; but I feel that it would be wrong and unfair to suppress one bit of criticism which I heard whilst the match was at its hottest. It was this: that they have forgotten how to use swear-words. It was when someone shouted: "Get up, you little fool!" that this criticism was launched, and a disparaging comparison drawn with what cavalry polo-players used to be able to say in days gone by. I think it was quite uncalled for. If you will turn the cavalry spirit into petrol, what can you expect? The 10th have been so often and unjustly accused of an unwillingness, or inability, to dance, that I think this other accusation is just about the last straw. Of course, a public which has been brought up on such hearty polo language as "Get out of the way, you dripping-with-gore dago" (used by a horse-soldier before a Queen and all) may feel rather done in the eye when it is given something less heady; but why blame the 10th? Why not put the blame on the mechanisers?

The soldier who was so forceful was one of the old sort spoken of by the poet, Shakespeare, and, though not bearded like the pard, was what they call in Scotland a "bonnie sweeter"—he could also many a tale unfold; and he told me that once upon a time, when his regiment (Indian Cavalry) was doing a cavalry v. cavalry show, in which the big idea is to cross the T, same like the Navy, against the other lot, the opposing regiment got so het up that, when the moment to charge came, one of the "enemy" came out of the ranks yelling "Din! Din!" ("Kill! Kill!") "I thought the perisher meant it," said my friend, "and luckily so did my trumpeter, who promptly whipped his sword out and cut the blank's blanky head off! It never got into orders, of course, but it's gospel truth I'm telling you all the same!" Of course, I said I was sure of that, as it is not quite safe to disagree with a man like that. Petrol, I fear, is going to kill all our Brigadier Gerards, and it is a mournful thing to contemplate.



Photos.: Poole, Dublin

FINALISTS: THE GERMANI TEAM LINED UP AT THE NINE ACRES, PHOENIX PARK, BEFORE THEIR MATCH WITH CONIFERS

Mr. Leo Martin, Mr. Andrew Levins-Moore, Mr. John Leonard and Mr. John Martin (seen in that order) made up the Germani team which put up an excellent fight before being beaten by Conifers in the All Ireland Polo Club's Novices' Cup final. Mr. Andrew Levins-Moore, a well-known Irish amateur rider, is a brother of Mr. Dan Levins-Moore, who was on the winning side. Mr. John Leonard's wife, though perhaps disappointed at the result of the match, proffered plenty of congratulations with the Cup

given so many illustrious people to history, Baring was extremely good-looking, and they did say at one time that no one who was not had an earthly of being allowed to serve in it. I feel sure from what I and others *not* of my sex have seen that this ancient tradition is still preserved. I make this statement without a twinge!

The polo contest at Hurlingham for the Challenge Shield presented by the Indian Princes was, as usual, played on the day when the Indian Empire Garden Party was held. The polo between "India," who won 9 to 7, and "The World" was excellent, as it would be with so many stars engaged, but to call the winners "India" was just detail designed to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing appellation. All the four very fine exponents of the ancient game of polo, of course, have served in India: Captain B. J. Fowler, Captain C. T. I. Roark, Captain W. F. Butler and Captain H. C. Walford, but only two of them are present and past officers of the Indian Army. However, it was, as I say, excellent and high-class polo, and it sent the 2000 school-children from the Parish of Fulham, who were

(Continued on page xvi)

A Good Lesson



Practice may make perfect, but for most of us it is a lengthy process and lessons are apt to prove exhausting. Still we can all recover at the 19th with a glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale—a good tip that you won't find in any of the books.

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LAWN TENNIS :: By "RABBIT"



G. P. HUGHES

"There are few players in first-class tennis who have had such a long innings. He has represented his country in International matches for the last nine years. A record to be proud of"

invitation of the L.T.A. to tour Australia during the winter, followed finally by Miss Dearman and Miss Margot Lumb saying ditto, ditto. Which has put the L.T.A. in a pretty quandary.

I am very sorry, of course, that Hughes should have had this breakdown, and I sincerely hope that in a few weeks' time he will be well enough to play in the Championships at Forest Hills. But at the same time, frankly I do not imagine that his absence from the Challenge Round will make any substantial difference to the final destination of the Cup. Let us face facts. Firstly, we are going to lose the Cup this year, whoever plays in the team. Secondly, Hughes is getting past his prime as a doubles player. There are few players in first-class tennis who have had such a long and effective innings. He has represented his country in international matches for the last nine years. A record to be proud of for the rest of his life. It is amazing to me that he has kept up so long. His partnership with Tuckey has been unspectacular, but nevertheless productive of splendid results. Did they not win the Doubles Championship at Wimbledon last year, which, even making allowance for several vital scratchings during the last week of the meeting, was nevertheless the virtual championship of the world? And did they not follow that up by winning their tie in the Challenge Round? And did they not again reach the doubles final of Wimbledon again this year? True, all true. But it is also true that in the final this year they were made to look small fry by the Americans, Mako and Budge, and somewhat old-fashioned, too. Their day is over, I thought, as I left the ground. And I was right. For on that day, Hughes was no longer the clever captain of the side, teasing his opponents into errors of timing with his sliced volleys and his curling

lobs. He was no longer the confident buddy encouraging his partner to rise to the occasion and smash his way to victory.

It's bad luck for Hughes, and still worse luck for his partner, who will now have to stand down. In their place, Wilde and Hare will be played. It was my own view earlier in the season that this younger combination should be played in any case. Even when they went out early at Wimbledon, I still believed that potentially they are the best doubles team in the country. But Wilde is such an uncertain factor. He can play like a very virile angel, and he can play like a devil possessed. By which I mean he is not possessed by a good temperament for the game. Let us hope that when he turns out in the Challenge Round, it will be one of the days when wings, and not a black demon, sit upon his shoulders. Even so, we shall still lose the Cup, I am afraid.

Does that sound very pessimistic? It is not meant to be. After all, we have had a good run. The Cup has stayed in this country for five years now. There is considerable cause for legitimate satisfaction there. We couldn't hope to keep it indefinitely. I don't even think that it would have been a good thing if we had. It's always better that in a competition of this sort, the Cup should change hands from time to time. I am writing this before America meets Germany for the right to challenge us. After what happened at Wimbledon, it seems a foregone conclusion that the Americans will win. Of course, it may be that Von Cramm will find Budge in a less triumphant mood than in the final at Wimbledon, but, even so, America should obtain at least three out of the five points. And once the Cup goes to the States, I prophesy that it is there for a long sojourn, just as I prophesy that if the selectors continue to make such major mistakes in choosing their teams to go abroad, our Dominion entries for Wimbledon are going to decline in no uncertain fashion.

That's why I take a much more gloomy view about the withdrawals from the ladies' team for Australia than I do about Hughes. For if, as seems possible, the Australian L.T.A. refuse to accept the diminished personnel of the team, what then? The proceeds from the gates of the proposed matches were intended for the financing of the Australian team coming to Wimbledon next year. A kind of "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" sort of agreement. And if we cannot produce a large enough and good enough team to capture the enthusiasm and the imagination of those down under, it looks as though we shall be left holding the baby in two different places. Always a humiliating procedure. We shall get no trip for our girls, and we shall get no girls, or men either, from Australia at Wimbledon next summer.

I am rather glad in a way that this crisis has arisen, because it may at last wake up our tennis authorities to the fact that if we want other countries to send their best contingents of players to us, we must be prepared to do likewise for them. For instance, it has long been a very sore point with Americans, and especially their L.T.A., that we so seldom send a team to take part in their championships at Forest Hills, and when we do, it so seldom consists of the pick of our players. Of course, it isn't the L.T.A.'s fault that Bunny Austin consistently refuses to make the trip, but even leaving him out of account, I can hardly believe that C. M. Jones, Deloford, and Hughes are the best we can muster. Quite obviously they aren't. What about Filby, for one example? He possesses more promise than all these three put together; considerably more promise, I should say, too, than Miss Margot Lumb, who has been chosen for the Wightman Cup team.

I can't help being amused by the situation in which the L.T.A. find themselves over the ladies. They chose Miss

(Continued on page ii)



Photos.: Bassano

C. R. D. TUCKEY

"Hughes' partnership with Tuckey has been . . . productive of splendid results. Did they not win the Doubles Championship at Wimbledon last year . . . the virtual Championship of the World?"

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and
deeper!...



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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



WINNER OF THE CARDIFF AIR RACE :
MR. G. R. DE HAVILLAND CONGRATULATED
BY MR. C. KEEN

Mr. G. R. de Havilland was the winner of the annual Cardiff-London-to-Cardiff air race for 1937. The course was from Heston Airport to Beachley Point and thence to the Cardiff Aerodrome. Mr. de Havilland is seen receiving congratulations from Mr. C. Keen, the Secretary of the Cardiff Aero Club

paying-loads. On the weather side the sub-divisions are wind and fog; and on the paying-load side they are big flying-boat, fast landplane, accelerator or catapult launching, refuelling in the air, and the Mayo composite aircraft. Let us look briefly at these things and note the probable course which the next two years' progress will take.

High winds have already been partly conquered by high speeds. The proportionate speed loss through a strong head-wind obviously goes down as the cruising speed of the aircraft goes up, and the Empire flying-boats, which can cruise at over 258 kilometres an hour, are able to compete with the strongest head-winds. On the Great Circle course they could complete the crossing of the ocean from Rynanna to Botwood with a continuous adverse wind of over 112 kilometres an hour. I doubt if even under full gale conditions they would ever have to face such a difficulty, and in fact I suppose the average adverse wind on the east-west crossing would be only about 40 to 50 kilometres an hour. So adverse winds have been conquered by high speeds. The Empire flying-boats are already just fast enough to get through under the worst conditions.

Fog.

Fog has not yet been conquered, although the method to be used is clear. Supposing that a flying-boat had been fighting its way across the ocean against severe head-winds and that just as it

Atlantic.

NOTHING else in commercial aviation has had one-tenth part of the interest of the work that is now being done in preparation for the establishment of a regular Transatlantic air service. For remember that the flights of Captain A. S. Wilcockson and of Captain H. Gray were nothing more than the introductory fanfare to an experiment which is unique in its richness and variety. It is an experiment divided up into two main parts, each of them with further subdivisions. The first part deals with Atlantic weather; the second part deals with Atlantic

ended its journey and came to Newfoundland, the winds dropped and the famous Newfoundland fogs came up and blotted out Botwood and all possible near-by landing areas. Now, the flying-boat would not have much fuel left; for it would have consumed most of it in fighting the head-winds on the way. It could not cruise about indefinitely waiting for the fog to clear. But equally it could not alight safely, for at present the equipment for making blind alightings is not available. There would therefore be a big risk in the alighting.

Already blind-landing equipment is being developed and, for emergencies, the kind that is in use at Heston and at Croydon and at many Continental aerodromes would do. But actually it does not claim to be able to bring a machine down to the ground unless there is a visibility of about 40 metres. Experiments in automatic "hanging stick" alightings with flying-boats have been done, but the results were not considered satisfactory. Consequently, development of blind-landing devices is essential to the Atlantic line. Such development is now going on, mainly for military purposes, and it should not be long before it will be possible to land a machine in conditions of no visibility with safety. When that is so, and when Rynanna and Botwood are appropriately equipped, the aircraft will be able to compete successfully with all weathers. But it is worth emphasising that, at the end of a long ocean flight, blind-landing equipment is more vital than at the end of any other kind of flight. After its ocean passage the machine *must* be able to get down without undue delay.

Machines.

AFTER the weather, there is the problem of paying-load. The Empire flying-boats, as modified for the Atlantic passage, cannot carry much pay-load relative to their total weight. If they set off with a potential range of 5300 to 5600 kilometres they are so full of petrol—which is carried in tanks in the wings—that there is little lift left for paying-load. If the commercial line is ever to be truly commercial, provision must be made for a substantial paying-load. And here we come to the remarkable variety of suggested solutions to the problem. First there is the solution of the four-engined, fast landplane. The higher speed will reduce the time-waste and therefore the fuel-waste in combating head-winds. Consequently, less fuel need be carried for the same range. It follows that there

should be more lift for paying-load. Second, there is the solution of the giant flying-boat. This would be more than twice the size of the existing flying-boats and would be able to carry a substantial paying-load at about the same speed as the present machines. It would rely on size, while the landplane would rely on speed.

Third, there is refuelling in the air, and those who were at the Hendon Display could see what rapid progress has been made in this by the Royal Aircraft Establishment. The aeroplane—landplane or flying-boat—would take off with its paying-load on board, but with only a small quantity of petrol. It is known that an aeroplane can fly with a much bigger load than that with which it can take off. So having got the machine up in the air with its full



ON DUNK ISLAND: MR. HUGO BRASSEY, MRS. JOHN COLLINS
AND MR. ALAN CAMERON

Dunk Island is a little earthly paradise off the Queensland coast; it belongs to Mr. Brassey. He has recently flown back from Australia, the trip taking eleven days. Mr. Alan Cameron is the chief pilot of Imperial Airways Australian line

(Continued on page 142)

Haig in every Home



Don't be Vague
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

THE REBOUND :: By MARK HELLINGER

THE old woman sat and rocked herself. The chair creaked rhythmically. Now and then she glanced away from the window. Through the rooms, she could see the iron stove in the kitchen. The potatoes were on. Poppa would be home soon.

The woman rocked back and forth to manufacture a breeze. There was no breeze. There was very little air. Only a smell. A smell of hot gasoline fumes and the rotting of old wooden buildings.

Out of the window, on a level with her eyes, were the elevated tracks. The trains crashed by every few minutes. The trucks below bounced over the cobbled street, and the children screamed at play. The factory directly across the way stretched twelve stories high.

The woman knew, of course, that the sun was shining somewhere. She was acquainted with the sun—by memory.

This woman felt no pity for herself. For Poppa, yes. That was different. Poppa worked hard. Poppa sweated in the shop all day. Poppa came home tired. Half the time he looked ill. So Momma gave no thought to herself. If she had it to do over again, she'd marry Poppa. Without hesitation. Gladly.

When they were young, it had been much easier. Poppa worked hard and talked about the future. About money, and a home in the country. And maybe a horse and buggy for their own private use.

But they were now young no longer, and Poppa hadn't done well. Poppa had no push. No nerve. Other men went ahead, but Poppa was afraid of his own shadow. He worked harder than any man in the shop. But he asked for nothing.

There had been children. Two of them. Eric and Mary. Named for Poppa and Momma. Beautiful blonde kids. Poppa and Momma knew that the children would always be very near and very dear to them.

But who could tell in advance about those things? Who could tell that these babies would grow up, and get married, and go away, and forget? Mary wrote sometimes. Once, she sent a picture of her babies. Momma placed the picture on the bedroom bureau. At night, she kissed it before going to bed.

Eric never wrote at all. . . .

Momma was still dreaming when Poppa came in. Poppa was a little man with tired eyes. He generally carried a worried expression, but to-night something must have



DENNIS HALLERT

George came out from behind the bar. He stuffed Poppa's coat into the old man's arms, and then tossed him into the street

happened. Poppa came into the dingy parlour, and he danced! He picked Momma up and swung her around, almost upsetting the rocker. Momma pushed him away.

"You gone crazy, maybe," she cried. "The heat isn't bad enough?"

Poppa grinned. He talked rapidly.

"Wonderful news, Momma. It's the office. They give a raise to-day. Two dollars! But wait. It goes backward. Retro—retroaction or something, they call it. Thirteen weeks it goes backward. Look!" He displayed two tens, a five and a one. "You know what this means, Momma?"

Momma shook her head. She was speechless. Poppa drew himself up like a millionaire.

"It means I'm gonna take my best girl to the country for one week. We go away from the noise and the heat for one whole week. We go out to New Jersey far away. On a farm, maybe. We sleep late in the morning and hear the birds wake us up. We go—"

But Momma was already sobbing. Poppa put his arms around her and made clucking, consoling sounds. In the kitchen the potatoes boiled over. . . .

(Continued on page 138)

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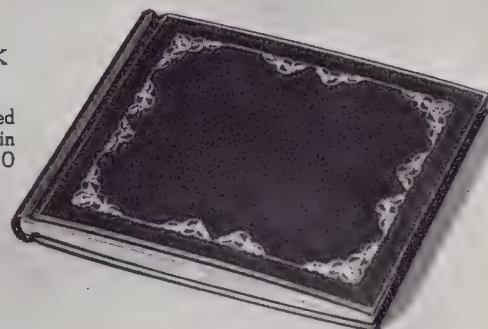
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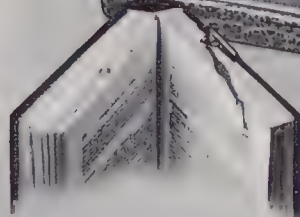
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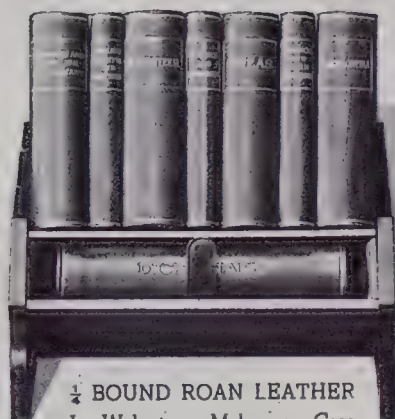
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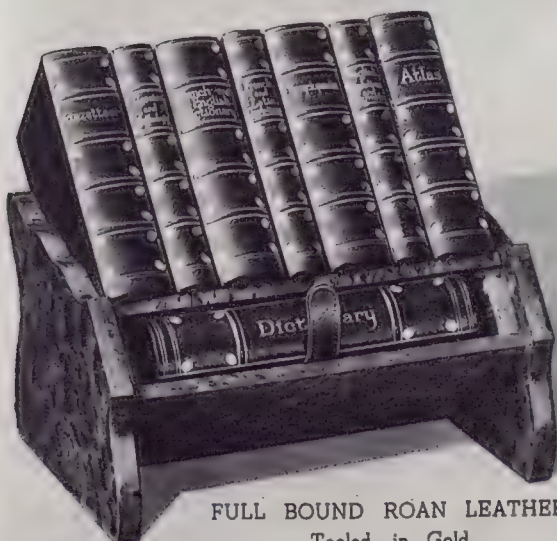
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Guy and Collier

JUDGING GOLDEN RETRIEVERS AT PANGBOURNE

A group of judges at the Golden Retriever Club's recent show at Herons, Buckhold, near Pangbourne. The experts seen adjudicating on these particularly charming gun-dogs are Lady Ursula Abbey, the Hon. Lady Ward and Mr. G. H. Turner

THE REBOUND—

(Continued from page 136)

Poppa never drank. But that night he allowed himself a drink. He walked many blocks from home, and then strolled into a saloon like a rounder. He knew nobody at the bar, and nobody knew him. But he couldn't refrain from bragging.

After all these years, he was going to take Momma to the country. And the whole world had to hear about it. He told the good news to the man who stood next to him, and the man smiled sympathetically.

"I don't know who you are," he murmured, "but allow me to congratulate you. I can see that you're an honest man; a man of sense."

Poppa was pleased. Poppa asked the man to have a drink. The man refused politely, but insisted on buying Poppa a drink. Poppa toasted Momma's health. He never felt happier.

The man talked of politics, and ungrateful children, and the condition of the world. Then he talked

of money. He used big words, and Poppa listened open-mouthed.

"If you were wise, my friend," the man said, "you would not stand still with twenty-six dollars. You can give your wife two weeks—a month perhaps—in the country. Because I am in a position to do you a good turn."

"A good turn?" Poppa gulped. "But what—"

"It's a race," the man went on evenly. "A fixed race at a small track. Ordinarily, I would not wager on horse races. But this one is a sure thing. You can't lose."

Poppa shook his head vehemently. "Horse races is not for me. I am not a gambler. Momma will go to the country for one week."

The stranger continued to smile. He continued to buy drinks. And it wasn't long before Poppa handed over the twenty-six dollars and begged the man please to be careful.

The stranger told Poppa to come around to-morrow and collect. And Poppa went home. Frightened. . . .

The next evening, at six o'clock, Poppa walked into the bar. He smiled pathetically as he walked up to the stranger. But the stranger wasn't affable. He sat at a table in his shirt-sleeves and moved his coat from the back of a chair so that Poppa wouldn't crease it. Poppa threw his coat on the table and begged for news.

"The horse lost," the man grunted. "Came in fifth."

Poppa looked ashen and very old. He clasped his hands. He began to plead.

"Please, mister. Please, for my wife, lend me my money back. She doesn't know I made a bet. It will kill her now if we don't go to the country. You don't know what this means to her. I will sign a note, with interest. Please, mister. I will do anything. Only give me the money."

The man tried to dismiss Poppa. Poppa wouldn't go. He continued to plead, and the man slapped him with his open palm. It did no good. The old man was hysterical. He begged like a child. He tried to get down in the sawdust on his creaking knees. He fell over.

"Hey, George," the man said to the bartender, "this old bum's getting on my nerves. Get him outa here."

George came out from behind the bar. He stuffed Poppa's coat into the old man's arms, and then tossed him out into the street. The old man tried to return, and the bartender barely missed him with a swift kick.

Poppa gave up. He stumbled away and disappeared. . . .

A few minutes later, the bartender helped himself to a drink.

"Funny about that old bozo," he mused. "He didn't know when he was licked. Well, he knows it now. He's one sucker that won't be around here no more."

The man stood up. He chuckled as he prepared to leave.

"You said it," he grinned. "A sucker like that—"

He stopped abruptly. Then came a mighty howl.

"You sap!" he belated. "You can bet he won't be around here any more. You gave him my coat by mistake—and I had over two hundred bucks in it!"

THE END.



O'Brien


AT DUNGARVAN HORSE SHOW: MISS ANN HICKMAN, M.F.H., AND LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, M.F.H.

Lord William Beresford was a Ring Steward and Miss Hickman judge of the Children's Pony classes at this show. She also paraded the West Waterford Hounds, Mastership of which she has taken over for the coming season

This England...



Upton-on-Severn (the Malvern Hills in the distance)

 A RIVER at eventide seems made for gentle rumination. How like the way of a man through life is the course of such as the Severn. Headlong, wild in its imperious youth, shouldered by circumstance away from its ambition; turning then, slowed to a grave deep beauty of character, towards its goal; crowned at last by achievement such as Bristol typifies, seated there like some mellow burgher, full of years and usefulness. This rhythm informs most good things—certainly the brewing of your Worthington. Youthful strength that in the fullness of time must work itself into rich maturity—suave to the palate but of great and generous heart.

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Team Work.

CLINGING together like the ivy has been one of the things mechanical road transport interests have resolutely refused to do. Their cohesion has more closely resembled that of a collection of marbles. In the past there has been almost no unity of action; no concerted effort. While the organisations opposed to road transport grew and grew and amalgamated and amalgamated and got stronger and stronger, motorists continued to wander feebly in different directions, and to get relatively weaker and weaker. So that there came a time when motorists became the punching-bags of politicians, but with this difference, that they lacked the power of coming back. Am I optimistic, or do I see signs of a change? Do I see signs of intelligent co-operation; of the elimination of mutual jealousies; of team work? Do I see signs of all those noble loyalties, and those not-letting-the-side-downs we hear so much about at public dinners? The British Road Federation, which started inconspicuously a few years ago, has recently come forward with some effective propaganda in the interests of road transport. It played a part, for instance, in the annulling of that notorious brake-test regulation which would have enabled the tests to be made without the car-owner's knowledge or consent; it launched a series of talks and lectures to spread the gospel of road transport; it has disseminated facts and figures about matters of interest. And all the time it is as one speaking with authority, for it represents every important mechanical road transport organisation in the country, including the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, which may be said to bring in the private motorist.

Now it is clear that if the British Road Federation is going to act, as it were, as a Ministry for the Co-ordination of Defence, it deserves the support of everybody who motors. For it is because our defences have not been co-ordinated in the past that they have had so little effect. At the moment, I believe that the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association are not members of the Federation; but so far as I know, there is no reason why they should not become members, and certainly if the Federation continues to do such useful work, they should, do so. But even without them, the Federation, as I have said, speaks with full authority.

Veteran Cars.

Mr. F. W. Hutton-Stott's two-cylinder, 1903 Lanchester, at the Veteran Car Club's Rally at Bagshot the other day, made quite a number of people believe that there may be something in the theory that the old days were the



Truman Howell

ABOARD A GRAND LITTLE SHIP: THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' "ILEX" AND CREW TAKING AN "EASY" IN WEYMOUTH HARBOUR

The tall and slender yachts of the estuaries and smooth waters compete in sheer speed and finesse: there is a far more robust and adventurous flavour in the sport of ocean racing. "Ilex," owned by the Royal Engineers, won the Fastnet Race—which is from Cowes to the Fastnet Light off the S.W. corner of Ireland and back—in 1926 and was third in 1929, 1930 and 1935. She has also won the Santander (1930) and was second in 1929. The party seen aboard her, at Weymouth, are:

L. to r.: Mr. W. J. Jobson, Major George Whitehead, Mr. J. Mercer, Mrs. D. C. Cameron, Capt. F. C. Nottingham, Capt. R. Bryson, Capt. H. M. Taylor, Miss Joan Duff, Major C. C. S. White and Mr. D. C. Cameron

good old days. For twenty-six years this car was stored in a barn in Hertfordshire, but its present owner has so furnished it up that it is easy to understand the pride its original owner must have taken in it. It is a wonderful design, and it still

commands the highest respect. The two-cylinder engine is water-cooled and is just as it was when new, with low-tension magneto ignition and wick carburetter. The car has an epicyclic gear-box, giving three forward speeds and reverse, and there is, of course, the famous tiller steering. The other controls are grouped conveniently to the driver's left hand just alongside his seat. It was impossible to look at this exquisitely kept car without wanting to jump in and drive it.

There were other fine examples of early cars. Mr. J. M. Turner, for instance, drove his 1899 two-cylinder Panhard 628 miles to the Rally by a circuitous route which took in Carlisle. Mr. Sam Wright, in his 1901 single-cylinder Humber did 510 miles. One of the oldest cars was the 1898 two-cylinder Benz owned by Mr. G. J. Allday, the Chairman of the Club's committee. Captain J. H. Wylie, the hon. secretary of the Club, came in his 1903

(Continued on page 142)



Charles E. Brown

THE BRITISH TEAM FOR THE WORLD'S FENCING CHAMPIONSHIP

The World's Fencing Championships are now in progress in Paris and will not be completed until July 31st. This photograph, taken at the London Fencing Club, of the British team shows:

Back row: A. E. Pienne, A. R. Smith, P. Turquet, A. D. Pearcs, A. E. Pelling, C. V. Hett. Second row: B. F. Tredgold, Vice-Admiral the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, D. Dexter, H. D. H. Bartlett, C. Hammersley. Third row: Mrs. Minton, Miss Etheridge, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Puddefoot, Miss Godsell. Seated: T. E. Beddard, Miss Neligan, C. L. de Beaumont (captain), J. E. Lloyd, R. Brook

ALL COMERS CLASS



TRAINED to essentials, the judge's eye moves from point to point seeking faults—but this time seeks in vain. The pencil stills its critical comment . . . a whisper tours the ring . . . “The Dane has it” . . . then . . . clapping of hands—subdued, casual, confirmatory—the “I told you so” of those whose Yes has been upheld. Faced with the obvious, loud praise becomes *de trop*.

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KEW	Touring Saloon	£355



wheels within wheels . . .

"If only," she said half whimsically, "we could drift always in the peaceful twilight of a midsummer's evening . . . with the green of shaven lawn as background . . . the scent of roses for company . . ."

"That," he smiled, "would be *living* as well as talking poetry . . . but might I be banal and say it reminds me I am driving you home?"

Outspread hands gestured defeat. "And dilate on your new car?" she asked. "Darling, how cleverly you clipped my wings."

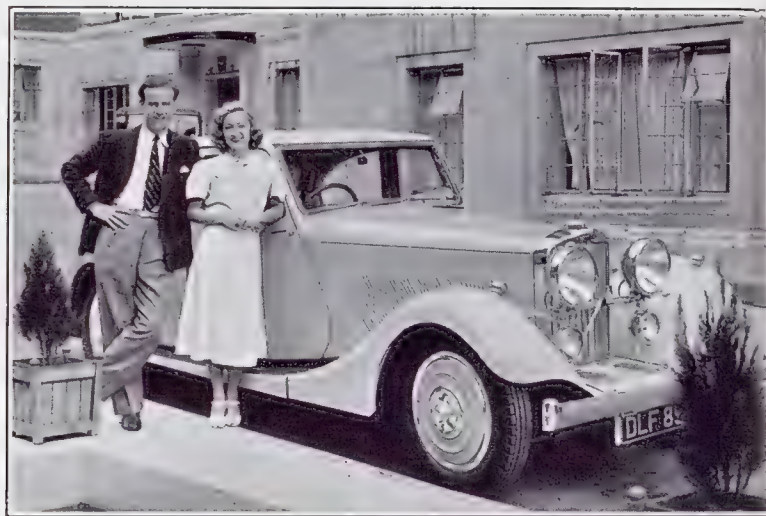
"On the contrary," he replied, "I am giving new wings to your thoughts . . . *for in this car I have found the poetry of motion.*"



Dodge Brothers Motor Cars • Kew
 « HAVE YOU EVER DRIVEN ONE ? »

Air Eddies—continued from p. 134

paying load, it would be fuelled in the air before it set off over the ocean. Fourth, there is accelerator launching, which is a modified form of catapulting and which also aims to help the machine at the take-off so that it can be got into the air with a bigger load. Fifth and last, there is the Mayo composite aircraft which I have already described in these pages and which also makes use of the fact that an aeroplane can fly with a much bigger load than that with which it can take off. The first experiments with the Mayo composite aircraft may take place shortly after these notes appear, and the test of a separation of the two components in mid-air will probably be done within the next two or three months. So these are the



TALBOT OWNERS: FLORENCE DESMOND AND FIANCÉ

The engagement was recently announced of stage famous Florence Desmond, now playing in *Wonderful World*, to Mr. Charles Hughesdon, a Lloyd's broker who flies for fun, and is also a keen motorist. The speedy Talbot "105" Airline saloon seen in this picture belongs to Mr. Hughesdon. Miss Desmond is also a Talbot owner, a Ten sports saloon being her choice

probable solutions to the two main problems of weather and paying load for the Atlantic service, and their testing should provide the greatest possible aeronautical and general interest.

* * *

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 140

single-cylinder Wolseley. Unfortunately, the oldest car of all, the Arnold Motor Carriage of 1896 entered by Capt. E. de W. S. Colver, failed to reach Bagshot, and Lieutenant-Commander Montague Grahame-White showed me a message saying that Captain Colver had met all kinds of trouble on the way. The Rally was an instructive and interesting occasion, for these old cars are far from being the jokes which some people think them to be.

* * *

The New Minx.

Presenting a new model motor car must tax the ingenuity of the most advanced publicity expert. Between the bare announcement and the florid function there are infinite gradations, and I suppose that the selection of the method must to a large extent be guided by the car itself. The way in which the new Hillman Minx was presented the other day was attractive without being silly and, what is more, all the "properties" worked. The cutting of the giant birthday cake was done to plan, the "slice" was taken out as arranged, and the Hillman Minx rolled silently to the middle of the room. Did my ears deceive me, can it be true that from a room full of case-hardened automobile specialists there went up a gasp (yes, I said a gasp) of admiration? At any rate, the little car did look extraordinarily smart with its new frontal design and its steel roof. Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Cole was right in drawing attention to the excellence of the line given by this steel roof.

Here are one or two points taken from the specification. The engine is a four-cylinder with side valves and three-bearing crankshaft. It is rated at 9.8 h.p. Clutch is dry plate; gear box four-speed all-synchromesh; ignition is coil with automatic advance and retard and 14 mm. plugs; suspension by semi-elliptic springs and hydraulic shock absorbers; steering is worm and nut; wheels are pressed steel; brakes are duo-servo with cables in flexible armoured outer casings; electrical equipment is 6-volt; price of six-window saloon is £169, of De Luxe saloon £184, and of four-seater drophead coupé £215.

A Room with a View

In your Wolseley Limousine there is only the swift, silent passage through time and space to remind you that this is a "motor car." Completely at ease in the deep comfort of softly clothed seats, talking quietly to your companion, the spaciousness and fresh atmosphere is that of a room with a very pleasant view. Arm supports, foot rest, ash trays, a useful table—all are perfectly placed for comfort. A safety glass partition lowers noiselessly behind the driver. Even then, and with the two folding seats occupied, there is no other sensation than that of great roominess and luxury for each of the full complement of 7 people. The value of restful transit in terms of earning capacity is inestimable and makes this, perhaps, the most luxurious of modern cars, a very sensible outlay. Discuss it with a Wolseley Dealer from this point of view. . . .



The illustration gives a good idea of the exceptionally roomy and comfortable interior. The upholstery and equipment are lavish and in faultless taste. The price of the Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine is £750 (ex works). Like all Wolseley cars it is fitted with Dunlop tyres, Trip-lex Glass, and Jackall Hydraulic jacks, and is covered by "Owner Contact" service, particulars of which your Dealer will gladly give you.

WOLSELEY

25 h.p. Super Six Limousine

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 BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 132

Lumb for the team, although they knew, or at least I should have expected them to know, the unlikelihood of her winning her match as third string in the singles. But they were willing to sacrifice their country's chances of victory on the grounds that the trip would benefit Miss Lumb's play so much that next year she would doubly repay all the expense, etc., etc., and now Miss Lumb has announced that after the trip to America she wants to come home to play SQUASH. Is that the right way for a protégée to show her gratitude to the nice gentlemen who have offered her a free trip to Australia—even if virtually it is at the Australians' expense? It seems to smack of biting the hand to me. Of course, Kay Stammers had a legitimate excuse that she wasn't strong enough after her recent illness to make the trip. But as for Miss Dearman, who replied briefly but to the point: "I have been once, and I don't want to go again," . . . well, that must have set the selectors back a good deal. Had their ears deceived them? Was one of their darling favourites daring to defy authority in such a fashion? And after they had taken such care not to choose anyone with a reputation for independence—anyone, that is to say, who believed that as long as she played well and behaved well on court her private life was her own concern. Indeed, it must have made the selectors wonder for a moment whether perhaps, after all, they hadn't made a mistake in not choosing a team for their tennis prowess alone: a few Wimbledon winners, that is to say, instead of a lot of losers. For, in that case, the Australians might not have minded so much a depleted side. They would have been able to argue that what was left was still a sufficient attraction to ensure good gates. Billie Yorke and Peggy Scriven: there are rows of famous championships after their names. But what have Mary Hardwick or Joan Ingram or Freda James as claims to make the turnstiles click? Freda James, it is true, has won the doubles championship in partnership with Kay Stammers, but without her partner she swiftly loses caste, and Colonials are famous for their refusal to be taken in by substitutes. I don't blame them, especially in this case. Why on earth should they allow themselves to be fobbed off with less than the best, considering that year after year their own L.T.A. has to raise the funds to send their national stars like Crawford and Boy McGrath and Adrian Quist to play at Wimbledon? These players return home and

tell their countrymen that Billie Yorke is the finest woman doubles player in the world, that Peggy Scriven was the only other British player besides Dorothy Round to reach the last eight. Then why send us girls who were knocked out in the first or second round? . . . comes back the answer.

Perhaps you are thinking that I'm stressing this point overmuch. I can assure you that I am not. For, after all, the whole future of Wimbledon is at stake. There have been signs of rebellion before. They faded out. But one day soon, if we continue to be so mean over our exchanges, not only the Dominions, but America, too, will revolt and have a sit-down strike on court. We have no excuse. Our tennis coffers are full. We can perfectly well afford to send large teams, and the best teams, to all the principal national championships overseas. This year Australia; next, South Africa. Every year, America, and Germany and France. We should be ashamed to force many of our best players to go out into the wilderness and seek the support, the financial support, of friends outside the official council. That is to say, if Miss Yorke goes to America to play in the championships it will only be made possible by the generosity of a patriotic sportsman who feels that she has had such shoddy treatment from the L.T.A. he is determined that she shall have the same chance as the selectors' favourites, who have proved so ungrateful, after all.

And now let's talk about something more pleasant. It was delightful to see Eileen Bennett that was looking so happy and pretty at Lady Crosfield's annual tennis party in aid of her pet charity. And delightful, too, to be introduced to Vanessa, her four-month-old baby, who is one of the compensations that make Mrs. Marcus Marsh feel no regret for no longer performing on the courts herself. And at this party, too, I saw Miss Elizabeth Ryan, saying good-bye to all her friends before sailing once more for the States to return to her coaching duties in California. While over here, Gem Hoahing went to her and asked her to break her holiday in order to help her with her volleying, and Miss Ryan is almost as proud of the fact that it was an angled volley that won the little Chinese girl her last match in the qualifying round as of the nineteen championships that she collected before she retired from Wimbledon herself. Incidentally, her first job on her return will be to give some volleying instruction to no less a star than Panna Jedrzejowska, who is paying her first visit to Forest Hills. At present that is the one weakness in her game, and if Miss Ryan can impart even a tenth part of her own volleying prowess we may yet see the Polish girl crowned at Wimbledon.

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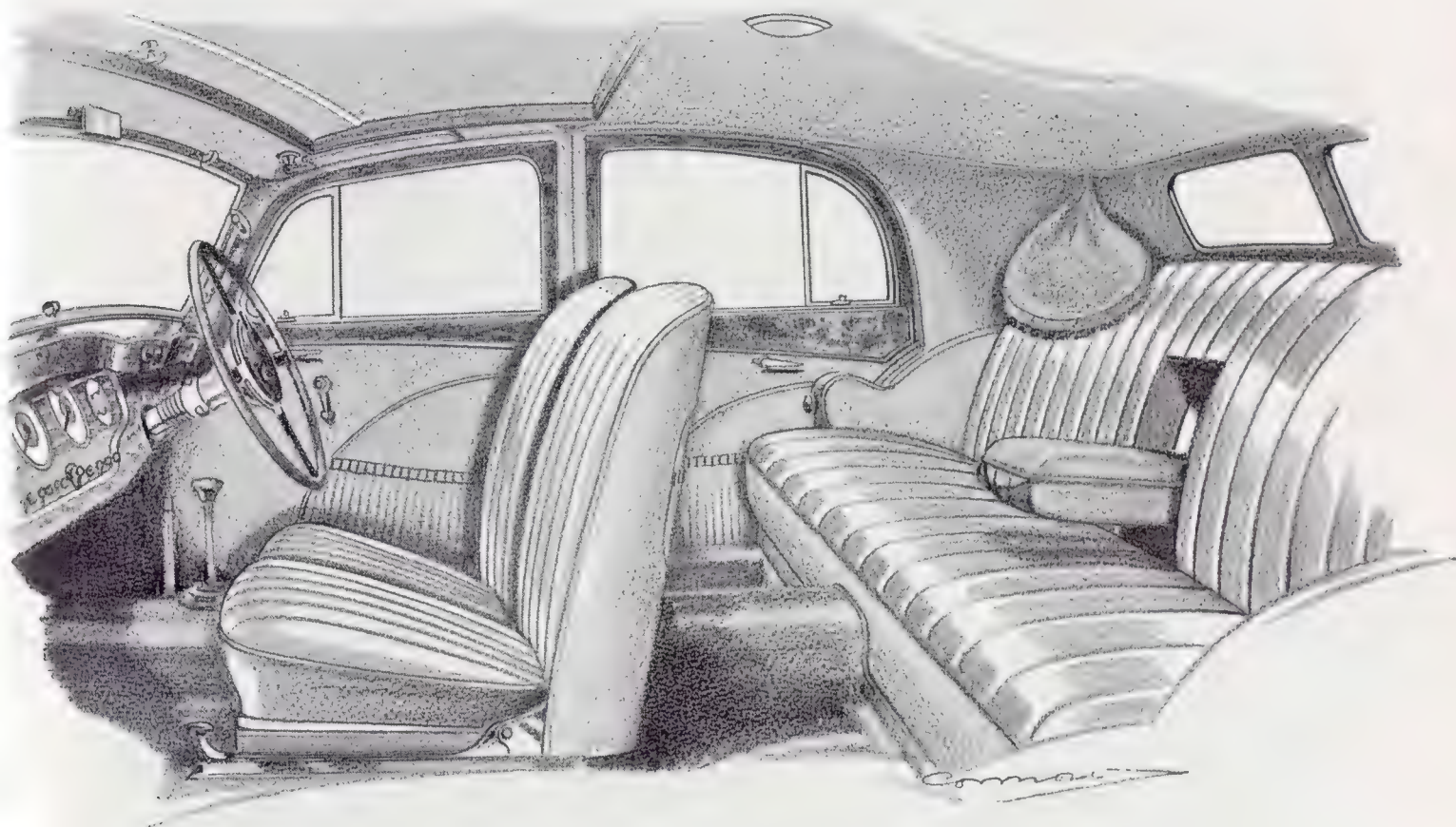
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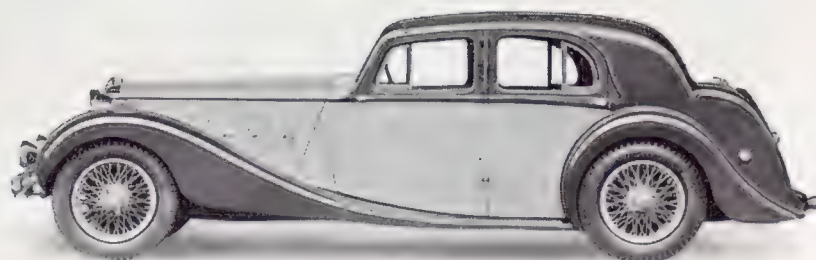
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*for space
for grace
for pace*



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

DU

M.E. BROOKE



THE advance autumn fashions may be seen at Bradleys, Chepstow Place; they have been created for women who travel, and also for those who are thinking of the Scottish Gatherings. "Between season" prices will prevail until August 28. Hence the ensemble portrayed is eighteen guineas—or the coat and skirt are available for ten guineas, and the unlined cape for eight guineas. The cape is of brown tweed trimmed with brown, beige and faint green striped tweed; it is of the latter material that the coat is made, relieved with brown, while the slightly gored skirt matches the cape. Should it be preferred, a long coat may be substituted for the cape. Women who revel in beautiful furs must make an opportunity to visit these salons ere they leave town. There are lovely sable, mink, Persian lamb and other fur coats and wraps at summer prices; they are made up in the firm's own salons



"How do you manage to keep so cool . . . ?"

"That's my secret—and '4711's!"



"4711" sprays away
those jangled nerves!

The susurrus of Piccadilly coming in wavering beats from beyond the trees. The fact, true for once, that everyone who is anyone is here — Debrett, Downing Street and the Diplomatic Corps. The polite chatter that governs an Empire. The presentation. The gracious nod of Royalty from beneath the red and gold Durbar tent. The unhurried dignity that is a Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

Unhurried — yes. But coolness isn't always a matter of manners, charm demands more than poise. As well to remember, sir and madam, the

sovereign solace of "4711." On hot, headachey days—just a touch on your temples. As a massage after your bath—the final rite of renewal. Sprayed in your drawing-room—sprayed on your neck and shoulders to quiet troubled nerves—at every turn of the rush called modern life, turn to "4711." Keeping charm charming, keeping life livable—"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. Made in the City of Cologne to-day, as in 1792, to that secret, perfect prescription. The incomparable Eau de Cologne—the classic one!

"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne



By Appointment

Watch-shaped Handbag bottles 2/6 and 4/9. Wicker-covered bottles and attractive decanters up to 52/6. Original bottle as illustrated 8/9 (half size 4/9)

"4711" SLOUGH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

(Gar & Co)

Going North



Picture by Blake

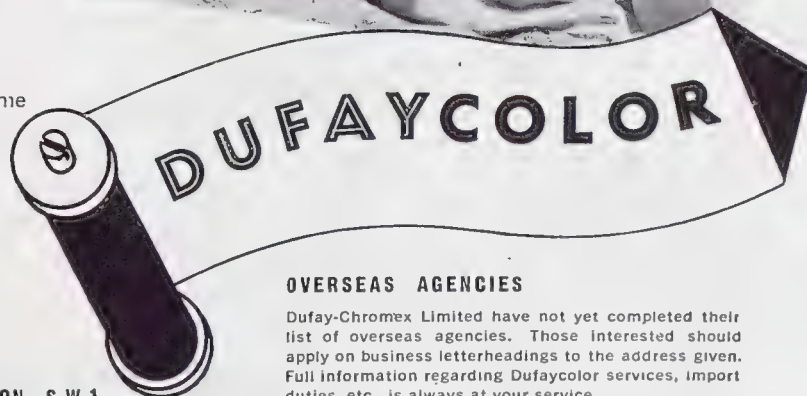
"GOING NORTH for the 12th"—what magic there is in these words, which conjure up something that is essentially British to all sportsmen and women. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, realise that it is essential that the clothes be right, hence they are showing things that are practical, distinctive and flattering. To them must be given the credit of the models portrayed, which may be seen in the Ready to Wear Department and will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references. The suit on the left is made of Cumberland homespun check. It is ten guineas, while the model on the right, also in Cumberland homespun, is nine and a half guineas. The suit is built right up to the neck with a turn-over collar, and has patch pockets. It is accompanied by a Kashlama coat which is cut on Autumn 1937 lines and costs twelve and a half guineas

Golden moments . . . snap them in COLOUR

Think of the joy of being able to take your snaps now in vivid natural colours! Think of bringing back those golden holiday moments—not just in black and white—but aglow with glory! You can!

Simply expose Dufaycolor spools in your camera in the ordinary way and take them to your dealer. He passes them on to us, we process them—and back come transparencies in glowing natural hues, with as many black and white prints as you want.

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LIGHTWEIGHT SPORTSWEAR



AS June is the month of roses so is August the time for holidays. Hence all women are in quest of raiment that may be easily packed, and is at the same time of excellent quality and smart in appearance. Pesco suits and jumpers are ideal for summer wear. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to the makers, Peter Scott and Company, Hawick, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent, also a very interesting brochure

THE pleasures of days in the open air are increased when the Pesco specialities are worn, since they look as well amidst the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland as on the golf course. The colour schemes are particularly rich and lovely, while the designs are unusual. The suit above shows a fancy check design, and is a study in dark red with beige. As will be seen the coat buttons smartly up to the neck, and is finished with a neat turn-over collar. There are so many variations on this theme that it was by no means an easy task to select a model

Pictures by Blake



WITNESSES to the fact that all monotony is banished from the domain of Pesco jumpers are the models pictured on this page. A very important feature of the one above is the cowl yoke strewn with spots, while the sleeves are likewise worthy of consideration. Stripes in contrasting colours are cleverly arranged to create a slimming effect on the jumper below in which the collar and cuffs are plain with just a suspicion of a "rib"





Hot weather

can't make her tired or irritable

The Summer is her busy time—she's 'up and doing' until the sun goes down. A long day and a tiring one, particularly when the weather's hot. In fact, last year, she found she was paying the penalty. Tired, cross and irritable, she complained about the heat. It 'got on her nerves'.

Luckily, the doctor called one day and told her to blame *herself*, not the heat—explained that if she used up twice the usual amount of energy she couldn't expect her nerves to stand the strain. He recommended Sanatogen.

You should see the difference! For Sanatogen fed her nerves and blood-stream, gave her new vitality, replaced the extra energy she had so carelessly used up. Sanatogen is a real, honest-to-goodness food, not a temporary tonic. But it is very easily digested and contains no sugar, starch or fats. It has been recommended by 25,000 doctors.

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"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret! "EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.



At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes—dewy too!

"NATURAL"—a medium shade—is a true, rich, blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty! "PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!



MR. DESMOND LYSAGHT AND THE
RIGHT HON. SIR BASIL BROOKE

THE CHEPSTOW SUMMER MEETING



TWO SPECIALISTS: GORDON RICHARDS AND
DR. HUGH MCCREA



Photos: Truman Howell
FULKE WALWYN AND HIS FATHER,
LIEUT.-COL. FULKE WALWYN, D.S.O.

Gordon Richards did a bit of specialisation at the Chepstow Meeting, or, as some folk say, he "had a mortgage on it." He rode three winners and a short-head second out of five rides on the Saturday. Dr. Hugh McCrea is a denizen of Harley Street. Mr. Desmond Lysaght's parents live at Castleford, near the course; the Rt. Hon. Sir Basil Brooke was one of their house party. Sir Basil, who was formerly in the 10th Hussars, has been Member for the Lisnaskea Division in the Parliament of Northern Ireland since 1929, and Minister for Agriculture since 1933. Fulke Walwyn is the expert who rode Reynoldstown to victory in 1936 at Aintree; his father, a former Master of the Monmouthshire, served in the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 127

it followed that whether Nature has arranged that such should be the case to lessen the pain and fear of destruction, or merely that it is a physiological accident, the effects are the same.

Anyone who has ever broken a bone in the heat of the chase, either hunting or steeplechasing, knows that they do not feel it at that moment. It is only afterwards that it makes you feel rather seasick.

And talking of cruelty to animals, the late Bishop Welldon, whose death all of us who knew him greatly deplored, was a humorist *malgré soi*; that is to say, he was quite unconscious of the merriment he sometimes caused. On the *nil nisi bonum* principle, I think one who knew him quite intimately ought to record the fact that he was the only man who had the courage to call a reigning Viceroy of India by his Christian name. This happened at a demi-semi-official official luncheon at Viceregal Lodge, Simla. It was not sufficient for anyone to have been boys together at Eton with the late Lord Curzon to permit the commission of a *bêtise* like that, and it bit deep into the soul of the Viceroy, because there were many rather inferior persons present at that lunch. Honourable Misterys who were mere Heads of Departments, such as the Stamp and Sealing Wax, the Battle, Murder and Sudden Death, for which the Viceroy had not a terrible amount of use, particularly at that moment. It happened to be the *Aut Cæsar aut Nullus* moment, when no one who was military dared to so much as nod to anyone who was Civil—or uncivil, as the soldiery thought in those most amusing days.

* * *

I happened to have been in that Venusberg of the Himalayas at the time when that war was at its height and, having nothing to hope for from either camp, was able to sit back with my hands in my lap and watch them face up to the fences as to them might seem best. Bishop Welldon, in that company of strong men who stood face to face at that scintillating period in the world's existence, the like of which I am sure we shall never see again, won by a rather thick neck. The other two strong men, of course, were K. of K. and the Thane of Kedleston. I think the Bishop undoubtedly won. He was really far more masterful than either of the others, but was incomparably the worst horseman of that triumvirate—and that is saying quite a bit. He had an awkward episcopal accident upon one occasion—in Simla, I think—but had the presence of mind to fall bump on top of his syce, or Indian groom, who always followed in his wake to mop up anything that might occur. Someone, I think it must have been

me, but I can't quite remember at this long distance of time, drew a picture to commemorate the incident, and under it he (or I) put a quotation from the learned Tacitus, because I thought it would make an appeal to so eminent a classic. It was the one from the *Histories* Book I, 33, and it goes like this: "*Si cadere necesse est, occurendum discrimini!*" After doing it I remember that I breathed a sigh and praised the pigs that my parents never had had any thoughts about sending me to Harrow. To kind of cover up I sent the Bishop a quotation from Horatius Flaccus, an author with whom he was very familiar. It ran like this: "*Seu me tranquilla senectus expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis!*" I feel sure that, writing for such an erudite public as is sportsman enough as to pay its bob for THE TATLER, I need not translate. But even those who are not classics will catch the reference to "Death's black wings!" There was trouble enough about, of course, without all this, but after all, what I said to myself, said I, was: "This isn't exactly a private fight and anyone ought to be allowed to chip in!" So I did.

I dashed near got the Bell, Book and Candle over it! Thank goodness the Bishop was a classic with a sense of humour, and it was my remembering my Tacitus and my Horatius Flaccus so well that saved me.

* * *

His Reverence, as I have ventured to say, was a minus one equestrian, but as everyone in India has to ride for his liver's sake, a steed was procured, a cross-tempered cob name of "Shimei," so-called, I always understood, after the unmannerly Hittite or boxer who popped his head over a wall and had the cheek to curse King David. This hairy-heeled brute (the cob) had a horrid habit of walking out of the Episcopal Palace straight to the iron railings of the Cathedral Close, and then doing his best to rub all the buttons off the Bishop's leggings. It caused no little pain to His Reverence, so he thought out a plan to make "Shimei" a better-behaved horse. He told off his valet, a man named Perkins, who did a bit of vergering on the Sabbath, carrying the Bishop's biretta on a cushion during the processional hymn, to take the brute out and get some of the gay impertinence out of him before he was wanted to carry the pillar of the Church. It did not work. "Shimei" knew in a moment the kind of jockey he had up and planted, reared, kicked, hogged his fat back and made unpleasant noises. Poor Perkins! He said to me one day when things were at their edgiest: "What does 'e think I was 'ired for; to brush 'is bloomin' clothes or ride this sanguinary 'orse?"

It was a really pathetic situation, but as we know, orders is orders.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Autumn Weddings.

The marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Cheadle Myddleton, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Myddleton, of Mount Park Crescent, Ealing, and Mrs. A. Sebag-Montefiore, of Green Street, W.1, will take place in the autumn; the Rev. J. T. Holland, elder son of the Bishop of Wellington and of Mrs. Holland, of Bishops court, Wellington, New Zealand, and Miss J. T. A. Ridge, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Leslie Ridge, will be married in October; and in the early autumn, Colonel C. R. B. Godman, of Warninglid, Sussex, will marry Miss E. M. Brittain, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Brittain, of Fyfield, Essex.

Recent Engagements.

Flight-Lieutenant M. Hare, youngest son of Major-General Sir Stuart Welwood Hare, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Hare, of 2, Clifton Place, W.2, and Margot, elder daughter of Sir Guy Hambling, Bt., and Lady



MISS MILLICENT GALLOWAY

Miss Galloway, daughter of Mr. G. M. Galloway, and the late Mrs. Galloway, of Grove Park, Liverpool, is engaged to Mr. J. E. Robins, only son of the late Mr. E. C. Robins, and Mrs. Robins. Miss Galloway is a well-known tennis and lacrosse player

Hambling, of Rookery Park, Yoxford, Suffolk; Mr. O. J. Masterman, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Masterman, of Clumber House, Ascot, and Adelaide, Australia, and Anne elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bouwens, of Old Manor House, Littleton; Surgeon-Lieut. R. R. Prewer, R.N.V.R., only son of Major W. H. R. Prewer, O.B.E., and Mrs. Prewer, of Southsea, Hants, and Margaret Lois, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Packham, of Sittingbourne, Kent; Mr. J. P. Crabbie, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crabbie, of Perthshire, and of Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, and Margaret Veronica Johnston, younger daughter of the late Lord Sands and of Lady Sands, of Eglinton Crescent, Edinburgh; Captain E. W. D. Western, the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, and the Gold Coast Regiment, R.W.A.F.F., eldest son of the late Walter Western and Mrs. Western, of Bromley, and Pamela, only daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Petrides; Lieutenant H. Macleod, R.N. (retd.), younger son of the late Captain Macleod, of Cadboll, and Mrs. Macleod, and Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth, of 6, Britten House, Chelsea, eldest daughter of the late Captain Duncan Macpherson, Macpherson; the Rev. L. B. McCarthy, R.N., and the late Mrs. Duncan McCarthy, of Ramsgate, and Minnie Aileen d'Esterre, elder daughter of the late Rev. David Young, of Renfrew; Mr. R. O. Paterson, only son of General R. O. Paterson, O.B.E., and Mrs. Paterson, Dunedin, Bideford, and Margaret Jennifer, youngest daughter of Mr. H. M. S. Mathews, C.S.I., of Northam, Devon; Mr. Royston E. Dennis, only son of Mr. J. C. Dennis, J.P., and the late Mrs. John Dennis, of Down Place, Guildford, and Amalia, daughter of the late Mr. Charles W. Reynolds, and Mrs. Reynolds, of Yardley Park, Tonbridge, Kent, and Buenos Aires; Mr. H. R. L. Streight, of Runcorn, Cheshire, and New Westminster, British Columbia, Canada, and Sina Margaret, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Burrows, of 3, Upper Wimpole Street, and Hull Bush, Mountnessing, Essex; Mr. E. van Kempen, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. van Kempen, of Amsterdam, and Priscilla, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Dryden Blackie, of Bordeaux.



MISS MARY MATTEI

The younger daughter of the late Marchese Mattei, of Capua Palace, Malta, and the Middle Temple, London, and of Teresa Marchesa Mattei, who is engaged to Mr. J. A. W. Tothill, R.N., younger son of the late Admiral Sir Hugh Tothill, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., and of Lady Tothill, of Bradford-on-Avon



MISS CATHERINE LEATHAM

Miss Leatham is the third daughter of the late Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Leatham, of Kirkcudbrightshire, and she is engaged to Mr. Alastair E. H. Campbell, of The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. H. Campbell

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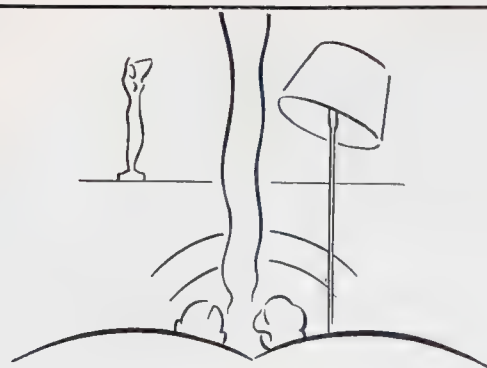
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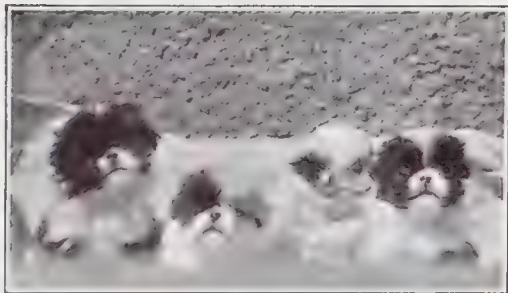
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JAPANESE SPANIEL PUPPIES

The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

the Scottish Kennel Club at Edinburgh on September 29 and 30. The Kennel Club Show is at Olympia on October 6 and 7. Among good open Shows are Bakewell on August 5, and Thame, September 16, while, in Scotland, Inverness has a Show on August 20, and there is an excellent one at Perth on September 22. Besides these many of the Agricultural Shows which are held in various parts of the country have classes for dogs, and are most amusing and worth going to.

There is no doubt about the braininess of the Poodle. Anyone who has watched Poodles in an Obedience Test and seen the pleasure which they take in doing tests can realise that it is all in the day's work to them. The Poodle is a very old breed; there is a picture of a Poodle painted by Rembrandt about 1630. France, Germany and Russia are all claimed as the land of his origin. The Poodle is a most strikingly handsome dog, with specially good movement. Some time ago Mrs. Ionides determined to add Poodles to her kennel of Griffons. She did this with her usual thoroughness, and has done very well indeed with them. The photograph is of one of her winners, Vulcan Champagne Sparkley. Mrs. Ionides' kennel of Griffons is well known and there are always puppies and adults for sale. Mrs. Ionides is very pleased to see visitors at her kennels.

Miss Barker keeps her Deerhounds and West Highland Terriers in a delightful place in the New Forest, much resembling their native land. Dogs reared in such surroundings are healthy and sound, as they have un-

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

For the benefit of people going away who would like to do Shows while on holiday I give a list of the leading ones in August and September. Championship Shows are: Harrogate, on September 4; Brighton, on September 8; Belfast, September 15; and

limited exercise of the right kind. Miss Barker does not show very much, but with success when she does. There is a nice West Highland dog for sale, a year old, inoculated against distemper, also his sister and some younger puppies. West Highland Terriers make delightful companions, as they are intelligent and devoted to one person. They come of the original stock of short-legged Highland Terriers from which also springs the Cairn. Occasionally white specimens appeared



WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIERS

The property of Miss Barker

which were cherished, and so in due time the West Highland White Terrier arrived. Though he has changed to a certain extent of late years, it has been in the right direction, and he is now a specially nice-looking dog, still retaining his breed characteristics. He is very popular in Scotland, where West Highlanders "of a kind" are seen everywhere.

Miss Gertrude Savile is well known to us as a breeder of the fascinating little Japanese Spaniel, which she has kept and bred for many years. Miss Savile is devoted to her dogs, all of which have her personal attention, which makes such a difference to a puppy. There are now some pups for sale whose photograph appears on this page. They were born on Coronation Day, and are by Lucky Boy, whose sire and grandsire were Champions. The mother is related to all Miss Savile's well-known strains. Miss Savile's address is The Meadows, Hampthwaite, near Harrogate, and she is always delighted to show her dogs to visitors.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



Photo: Fall

VULCAN CHAMPAGNE SPARKLEY

The property of Mrs. Ionides

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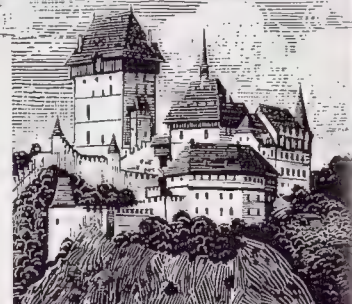
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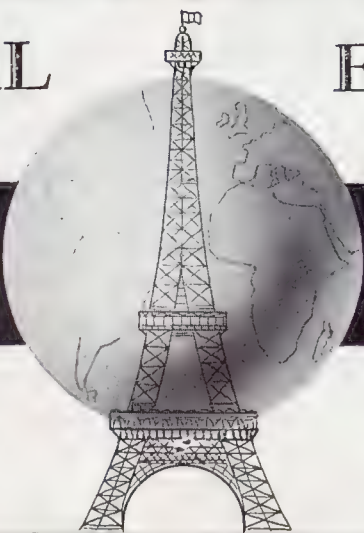
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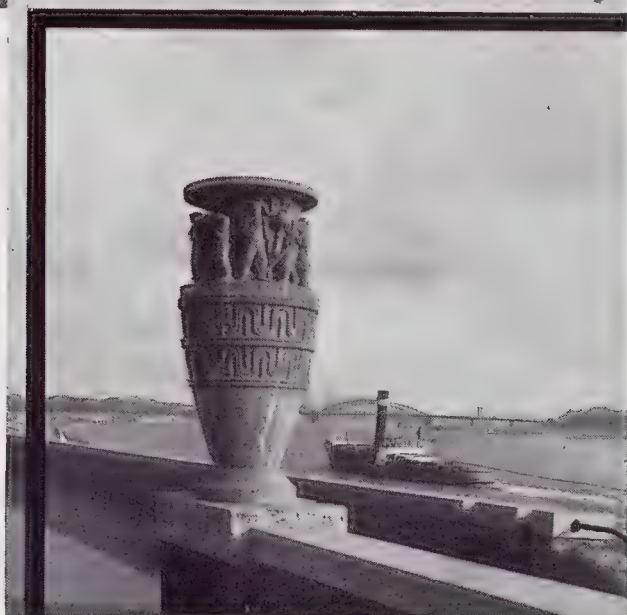
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HANOVER

A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

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Polo Notes—continued from p. 130

Hurlingham's guests, frantic with joy; bless their little hearts! I hope we see these little people back again many times, and I am sure that it is all to the good to have them there, not only at this Old Qui Hai show, but at many more. There is plenty of room for them, and they would be quite happy sitting on the grass on a nice sunny afternoon, even if seats on the stands are not forthcoming. A few ground sheets and rugs don't make a big hole in the budget, any old how.

* * *

This pleasant feature quite apart; what a great show Indian Empire Garden Party day at Hurlingham is, and I wish I had still the nerve to say all I could. You there see people who in more strait-laced times had to think of their deportment in their Departments—Honourable Misters and their Honourable Madams—who hung upon the lightest quaver in a Viceregal eyelid and who marked out the line between the Desert and the Sown in the widest red tape. Fifty rupees up or down is a great gulf! It must be such a terrific physical and mental relief when the Honourable Mister and Consort can leave off the Official Grin, that painful smirk of ill-concealed pride that apes humility. I have known Honourable Misters who have suffered from suppressed homicidal mania, and yet have been compelled to continue to grin. Kipling has rudely referred to them as the Little Tin Gods Upon Wheels, but I do not believe that he ever knew how badly those wheels needed oiling more often than not. Even Viceregal A.D.C.s, a pampered and decorative species, had a thin time quite often. I remember once when . . . but perhaps it is wiser to halt. Besides all these exalted personages there are many others—the demi-semi-officials, and the ones who were not official at all, just demon goddesses of that Venusberg of the Himalayas (Simla) who used to lure Tannhauser and even more exalted persons to moral destruction. What fun it is meeting them all again at a mere polo match at Hurlingham, and meeting them, moreover, when they don't feel that they have to be saying "prunes and prisms" all the time.

* * *

It is very probable that when we saw the 12th Lancers put the Royals out 8 to 6 in the Subalterns' Gold Cup, which is Ranelagh's Inter-Regimental, that we saw the decisive battle of this

always rather hearty war. Writing this part of this diary before the final, and also on the eve of departure for a place, which I somehow feel gave Anita Loos her inspiration for *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, this is my impression. It is necessary that I depend upon a friendly "devil" to complete the story, but I think I am right because the 12th have their Regimental team, all bar their C.O. and Captain W. G. Carr, but they have in Mr. G. J. Kidston their 1936 No. 1, whom I take to be just as good as they want. It is certain that when they removed the Royals (holders) from their path the road to the winning post was fairly clear. In last year's Subalterns' Cup, when the Royals beat the 12th 8—6, the two teams were exactly the same as they were this year when the 12th beat the Royals by exactly the same score, 8—6. This is rather a curious coincidence, and I am pretty nearly certain that it is a record in this or any other regimental encounter. I shall be surprised to be told that it is not, for my own private records over a vast number of years are fairly succinct. I think that there are people in both these teams who may go up a lot higher than what is sometimes rather slightly called "only regimental" form. Mr. A. M. Horsburgh-Porter (12th Lancers) and the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell (Royals) are the two I have principally in mind. The 12th Lancers' regimental side is, I think, the best we have seen in the bear-pit this season, and it was just touch and go that they did not beat the 10th Hussars in that soggy match at Tidworth on June 11. They are, I think, a much better team than they were last year. If the Tidworth match had gone the other way, as quite easily it might, nothing could have seen the 12th's tails for the dust. Of course, collateral form in polo is always rather a shifting sand upon which to try to build a house, but public performance is none the less to be taken into full account. Colonel R. L. McCreery is a very fine schoolmaster, and he has got this 12th Lancers team working like well-oiled machinery.

In the other semi-final the 15th/19th Hussars' victory over an even weaker Queen's Bays team by 12 to 7 was almost a foregone conclusion. It does not seem possible that the winners can stand up against the 12th Lancers, but you never know! ["Serrefile's" prognostication was duly justified. The 12th Lancers won by the length of the ground, defeating the 15th/19th Hussars in the final by 10—3 . . . interpolation by the "Amicable Demon" aforementioned.]



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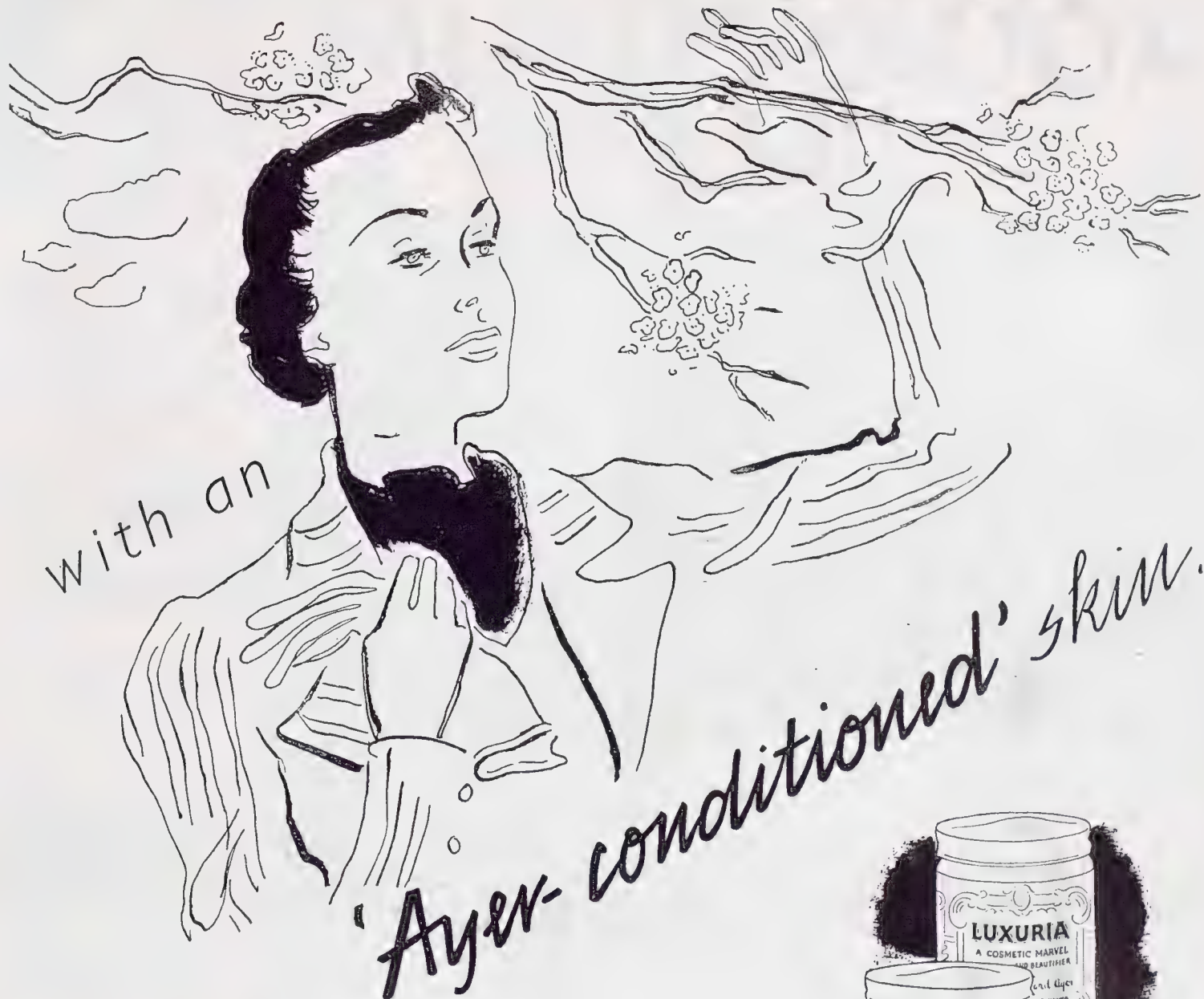
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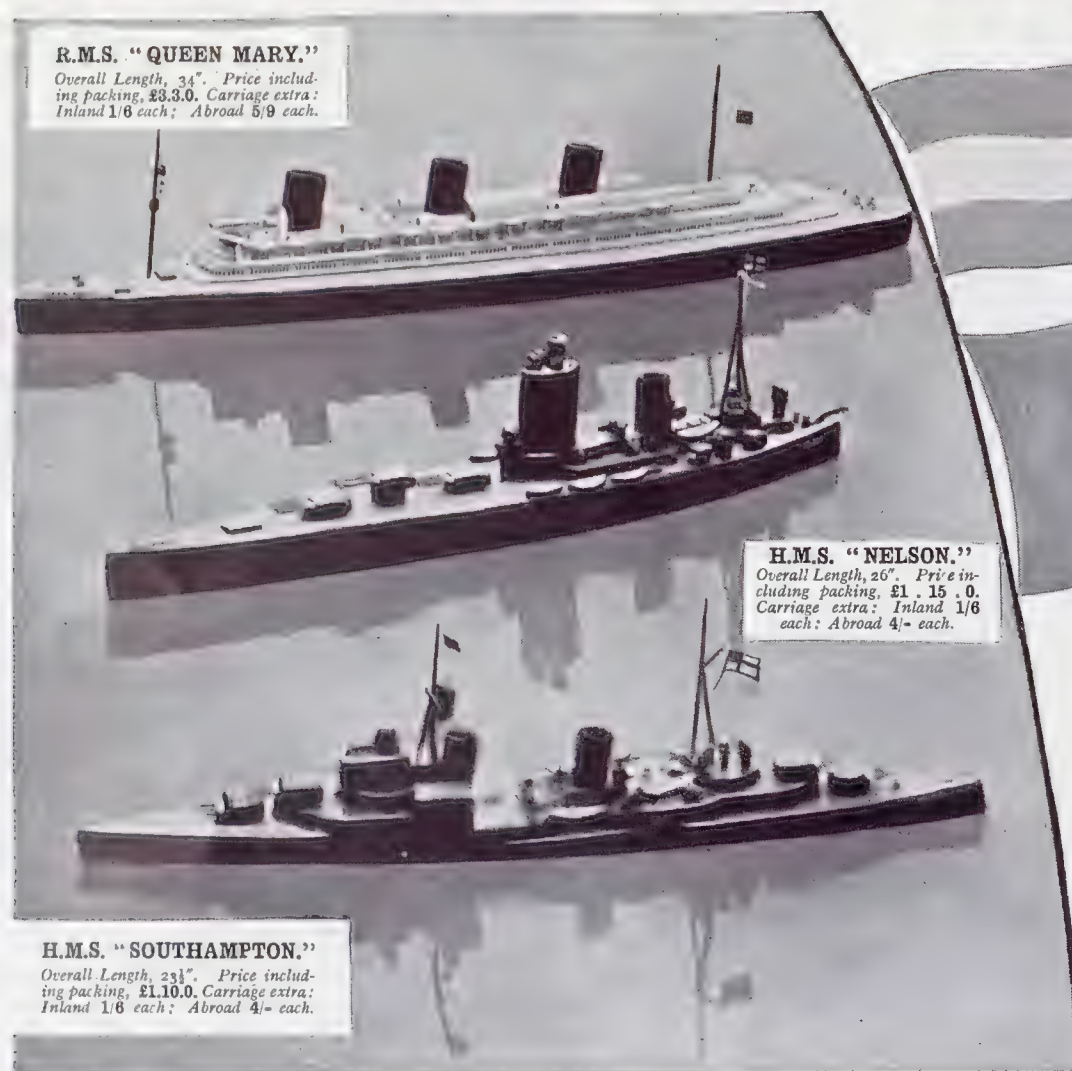
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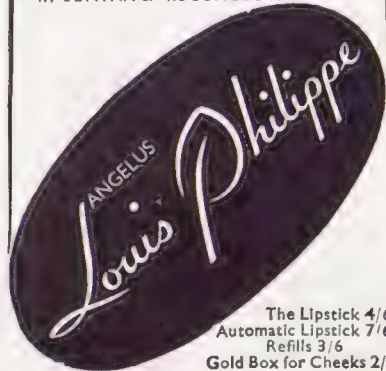
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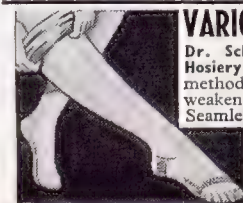
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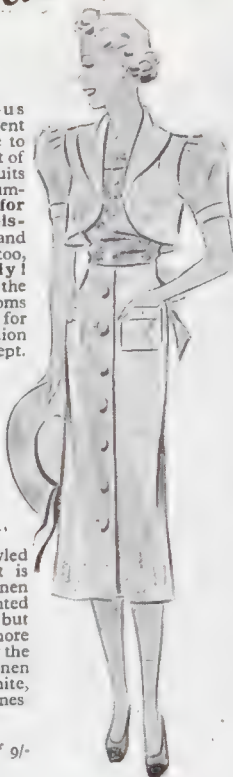
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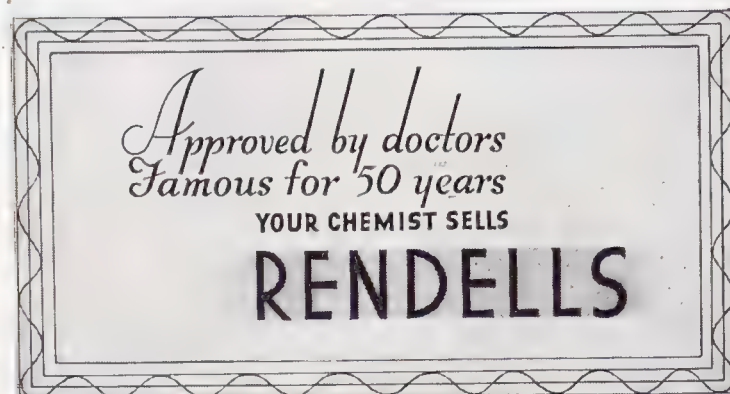
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GERMANY—continued.

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